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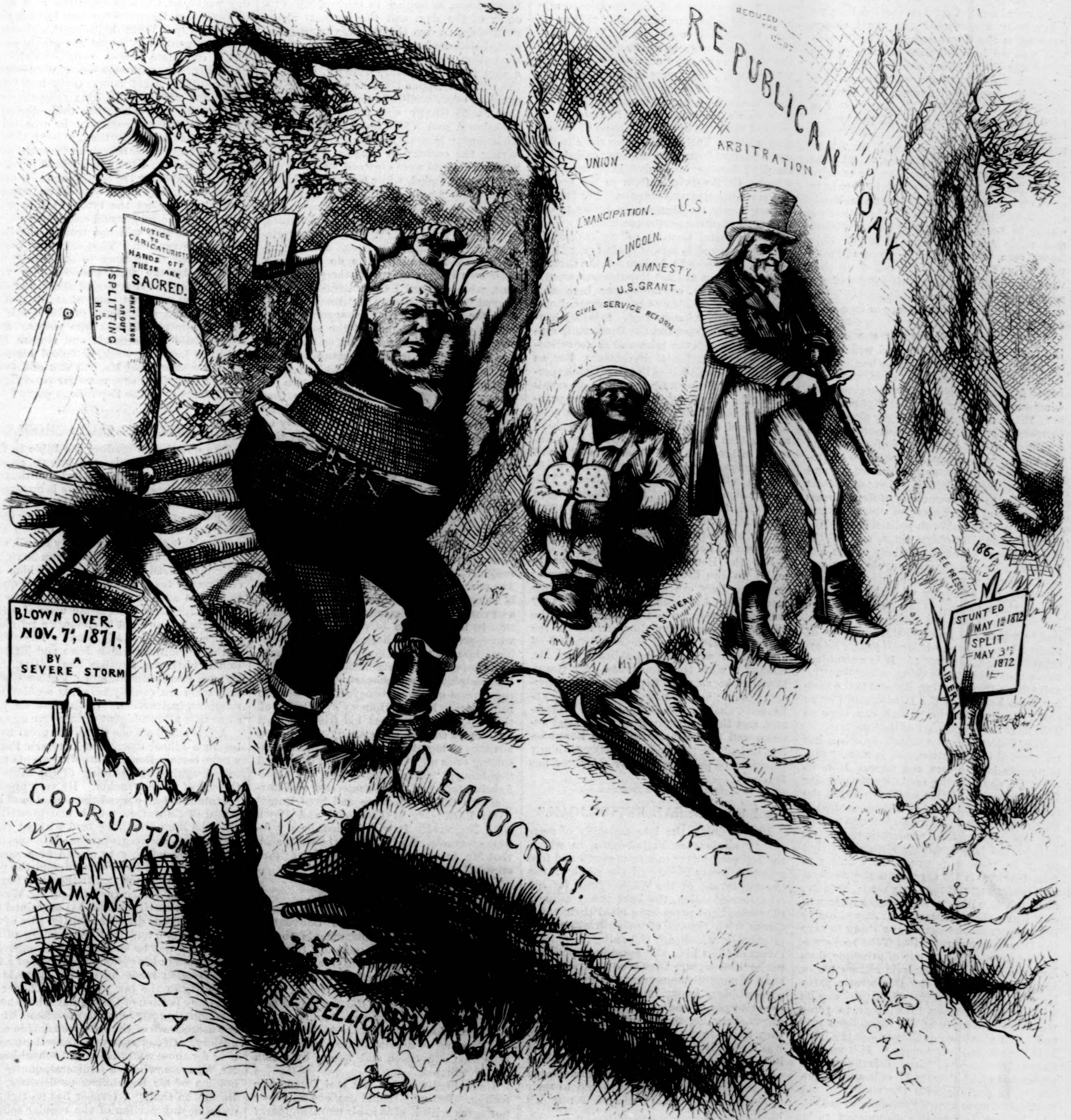

NOTICE TO CARICATURISTS
HANDS OFF THESE ARE SACRED.
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT SPLITTING H.G.
BLOWN OVER NOV. 7th 1871. BY A SEVERE STORM
REPUBLICAN OAK
REDUCED THE DEBT
UNION
ARBITRATION.
EMANCIPATION.
U.S.
A. LINCOLN.
AMNESTY.
U.S. GRANT.
CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.
ANTI SLAVERY
FREE PRESS
1861
STUNTED MAY 1st 1872 SPLIT MAY 3rd 1872
LIBERAL
SHAM
DEMOCRAT.
K.K.K.
LOST CAUSE
CORRUPTION
TAMMANY
SLAVERY
REBELLION

THE SAGE OF CHAPPAQUA.

Uncle Tom. "I say, Uncle Sam, Massa Horrors Greedey will find it a Tough Job when he tries his Hand at this Tree."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, June 29, 1872.

☞ With the next Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive the Fourth Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is sent out gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to Harper's Weekly.

THE COALITION.

THE scope of what the Springfield *Republican* calls, with caustic satire, the "beneficial revolution" begun at Cincinnati is now apparent. The movement is the most unprincipled coalition in our political history. Nobody is deceived by calling it a great moral and political revolution, because every body knows that the worst things have often the finest names. The Inquisition was no less infamous because it was called the Holy Office; and the Cincinnati coalition is no less disgraceful because it is called by many good names. Mr. Schurz, Mr. Wells, General Cox, Mr. Atkinson, and their friends may have had high purposes in the Convention at Cincinnati. Mr. Schurz may even desperately decide, if Mr. Greeley is nominated at Baltimore, to take the chance of Greeley rather than the certainty of Grant. He may paint in repulsive colors what he believes to be the misdeeds of this Administration, and declare that we ought to overthrow it, and secure a pure and noble Administration, in which only honest men, with unselfish motives, will take part. But Mr. Schurz can not deny that the Cincinnati movement has not founded a new party with great principles, but must end either in ridiculous failure or in a mere coalition.

After the recent Democratic conventions the coalition is probable. And will honorable and patriotic men who may be alienated from the present Administration, and have hoped for a kind of political millennium from Cincinnati, consider just what that coalition is? It is a combination of every element of discontent, of disloyalty, and disorder in the country; of the great mass of those who are known as unrepentant rebels, of negro-haters, and repudiators; of the actual and theoretical enemies of the Union; of ancient and malignant Copperheads; of Republicans with personal grievances; of notorious and "played out" Republican politicians; of the Tammany and Brooklyn rings, and of the worst classes in local politics; of the Ku-Klux and its abettors and apologists; and of some well-meaning men, utterly bewildered by the company which hustles and heaves them along. It is a coalition which Mr. Schurz is not yet willing to support, and in which the sole Republican name of national importance—if Mr. Greeley be excepted—is Mr. Trumbull. It is a combination whose cry is, "Any thing to beat Grant," and whose overpowering element is the motley mass known as the Democratic party; and yet a combination which can hope to hold only the worst part of that party.

The Cincinnati movement, as such, has no general organization, and is merely contemptible in numbers and force. If, however, the coalition be made by the regular Democratic nomination of Mr. Greeley, the campaign of the coalition will be conducted by the Democratic organization, and will be the campaign of the Democratic party. It will be the last desperate struggle of that party to recover power. "Any thing to beat Grant," is its cry: even the nomination of Greeley, if regularly made, because, although it will convulse the party, it will still leave the organization. Any thing to beat Grant means merely any thing to save the Democratic party. But if the real question of the election be one of principle, does any intelligent and patriotic citizen prefer the principles which the Democratic party has supported, now supports, or professes its willingness hereafter to support, to those which are the glory of the Republican party? Is it absolute equality before the law? Is it the national supremacy? Is it maintenance of the national faith? Is it the efficient protection of all citizens? Is it a wise generosity in dealing with the results of the war? And upon any of these does such a citizen believe Democratic ascendency to be more desirable? If, on the other hand, the question of the election be one of administration solely, does the same citizen expect greater honesty, efficiency, and economy from the coalition, composed as we all know it to be, than from the Republican party?

In politics we deal with men and with imperfection. If any Administration should be judged by individual failures instead of general results, none could stand. But in every great election we are to decide upon probabilities. It is always an alternative. The Administration of General Grant has been slandered with unprecedented ferocity. But looking at it as it stands to-day, the object of immeasurable falsehood, what sensible, patriotic, honest man would not prefer the stability and security, the justice and harmony and order, which it promises, to the wild chaos of a Democratic restoration with Horace Greeley at its head?

We are told of reform. From whom and from what is it to proceed? Civil service reform, for instance, is loudly demanded and bountifully promised. The principle of a reform of the civil service is that the subordinate offices shall not be party rewards, nor bestowed to further individual interests. Is it the Democratic party that promises it? The doctrine of "the spoils" is a Democratic doctrine. It has been the most vital and sacredly reverenced of all Democratic traditions. Will any body point to any proof that the Democratic party has renounced its faith and its practice upon this point? Or are we told that the Democratic party will be controlled in this reform by the Cincinnati managers? Who were they? They were most conspicuously not the civil service reformers who went to the Convention. They were the most notorious political brokers in the country. Are they in alliance with the Democratic party to give us civil service reform? Or is it to proceed from the bewildered band of honest men who are hurried along by the Cincinnati "crowd," as Mr. Adams called it? Hardly; for they are only the fly upon the wheel. Civil service reform in the mouth of the coalition means plunder. For the coalition is only the Democratic device to obtain control of the patronage.

The "Liberal Republican" enthusiasm, it will be observed, is almost exclusively Democratic. Those who declare for the Cincinnati candidates are not Republicans, except some individual or newspaper here and there, and in such cases some personal reason is often only too evident. It is the Democratic conventions and the Democratic orators who furnish the cries and the constituency for the Cincinnati movement. But, as we said, the coalition is the resort of desperation. The Democratic managers, in nominating Mr. Greeley, must, of course, paralyze and lose a very large Democratic vote. The *World* undoubtedly tells the truth in saying that "there are hundreds of thousands of true and tried Democrats who will stiffly refuse to vote for Mr. Greeley, whether he is indorsed at Baltimore or not." This is a reasonable view. If the Philadelphia National Republican Convention had nominated Horatio Seymour, is there any optimist who supposes that the Republican party would not have gone to pieces?

But the Democratic managers hope to make up the loss from the Republicans; and here they are doomed to disappointment. The American people know very well what they have to expect from the Democratic party, and they are not in the least perplexed in their choice between General Grant with the Republicans and Mr. Greeley with the Democrats. Mr. Greeley may be an older Republican than General Grant; but how long have Mr. Kinsella, Mr. Creamer, Mr. Bradley, Mr. Morrissey, and the Tammany Ring, with Beauregard and Wade Hampton, been Republicans, or had the slightest sympathy with any principle or policy which Mr. Greeley has favored?

À LA "LIBERAL REPUBLICAN."

In describing the late assembly of mercenary minions at Philadelphia, in which the representatives of a once proud and free people abjectly registered the edict of the gloomy tyrant of the White House for his own renomination, the base penny-a-liners of a subsidized press have filled their venal sheets with reports of an enthusiasm and unanimity which are sickening to sincere lovers of their kind and apostles of political purity like certain Cincinnati patriots who shall be modestly anonymous. These wretched scribblers know full well that, in the sweet words of the good old sage of Chappaqua, they lie, the villains; they lie, and they know that they lie. The enthusiasm was a ghastly pretense. The unanimity was bought—and at a price which the apostles of purity would despise. The Philadelphia delegates went as slaves scourged to their dungeons, and sullenly did their master's bidding.

What is more notorious in the State of New York, for instance, than that Gerrit Smith is the mere flexible tool of that political fiend incarnate, "Tom Murphy?" What child does not know that Martin I. Townsend is the henchman of Surveyor Cornell? There were William E. Dodge, also, and John A. King, and Augustus Weissman, and Salem H. Wales, and Carter Wilder, and how many more! Do the wretched scribblers call *them* independent men? Do they not know that they are all postmasters and tide-waiters? that they are all, as it were, strung upon a string? that the remorseless monster who shall be otherwise nameless carries them in his detestable pocket? *Quamdiu, Domine?*

How many of these phrase-makers, who have attempted to manufacture enthusiasm for this Custom-house squad that call themselves the Republican party—which party, as every body knows, is going to be truly represented at Baltimore and nominate the honest old truth-chopper—how many of them, we ask in the name of an indignant and oppressed country, have been *promised places in that same Custom-house?* O nepotism! where is thy blush? Let the country, however, be calm. A virtuous press has its terrible eye upon these fellows—the same remarkable eye which detected in the triumph of "bummers" at Cincinnati a great moral revolution.

To speak still more seriously, however: Although the Philadelphia tailors of Tooley Street have, according to General Grant's order of the day, and the imperial ukase countersigned by the military ring, suggested that he has been of some service to the nation, and although Gerrit Smith, at a sign from his master, Murphy, spoke of the victor of Appomattox as a savior of the country, every well-informed person knows that while Grant was fiddle-faddling at Vicksburg and Chattanooga and before Richmond, "Honest Old Horace" was really saving the country at Niagara Falls; and when his efforts were crowned with success, and the war ended, while Grant was idling away his time in baffling the efforts of Andrew Johnson to restore the lost cause, "Old Uncle Horace" was busily bailing Jefferson Davis. Is it, therefore, surprising that Frederick Douglass and the colored Southern leaders, who do not know their own interests, support the gloomy tyrant, while General Beauregard and other proved friends of liberty and the Union declare for the modest Niagara negotiator?

The young gentlemen of the subsidized press who forge enthusiasm at so much per line may write their pens to metallic stumps in asserting that the great Republican heart of the country demands the election of Grant. The *Tribune* distinctly says that we all know better. They know, and we all know, that the continued prosperity of Republican institutions, and especially that a reformed civil service and spotless purity of government, demand the election of "Old Honesty" by those whom he has himself compendiously described as "lovers of rum and haters of niggers," "blacklegs," "pugilists," "keepers of dens of ill fame," "criminals," "roughs," "dog-fanciers," "cock-fighters," "shoulder-hitters," "gamblers," "rowdies," "burglars," "thieves," "the lewd, ruffianly, criminal, and dangerous classes." The party which "our honest old uncle" says is composed of these patriotic, intelligent, and conservative elements holds a Convention in Baltimore in July; and his organs-which-are-no-organs hope that it will nominate him for the Presidency. That would be as honest as the late melancholy farce in Philadelphia was dishonest. It would be the earnest of a fine "beneficent" revolution in politics. If "Old Honesty's" estimate of the party whose support his friends solicit for him be correct, the country would then advance to moral regeneration under the inspiring cries of, "Our Honest Old Uncle and Gambling!" "Chappaqua's Sage and Cock-fighting forever!" "Old Protection and Burglary!" "Old Temperance and Free Rum!" "Old Battle-cry of Freedom! and Down with Niggers!" It will, indeed, be a sublime spectacle. And what can be the reason that Mr. Adams did not wish to lead "that crowd?"

A SIMPLE QUESTION.

The Delaware Democratic Convention denounce the recent amendments to the Constitution as frauds; and Mr. Clymer, the president of the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention, remarked in his speech upon taking the chair that "for twelve long, dark, bitter years the people of this land have suffered worse than an Egyptian bondage. Good men are here to-day to consult together as to how we may be delivered from this oppression and wrong by which we are afflicted."

Undoubtedly that is the real Democratic feeling. But why should any one who does not agree with it give it his moral support? We know some men who think that, with all their sorrow, the years which are thus described as dark and dismal were really the most glorious of our history. Why should such men vote with Mr. Clymer? Is an Administration to which he and those who agree with him will bring the chief support an Administration likely to be inspired by the sentiments which were victorious in the war? Such men can see now in the tone of organs-which-are-not-organs, when they speak of the rebellion, precisely the kind of deference which there must be in such an Administration to the feelings and theories which the country has discarded. And if there is this obsequiousness now in bidding for the votes of Mr. Clymer and his friends, what might be expected if those votes should make an Administration?

For instance, having Mr. Clymer and General Beauregard in mind, an organ-which-is-not-an-organ calls the law to protect the rights of citizens at the polls "the outrageous scheme to enable the President to control the elections and perpetuate his power by martial law," etc., and "a sword to gain a re-election," and "an iniquitous attempt to gag and fetter a people just beginning to recover its freedom of speech and action," and "a bill for keeping the South under military rule for political purposes."

Nothing could be more agreeable to Messrs. Clymer, Beauregard, and the Ku-Klux than such sentiments. They show that the day which Mr. Clymer describes as a day of worse than Egyptian bondage has not yet passed away. What high-toned, chivalric Southern gentleman would not gladly vote for a candidate whose organ-which-is-not-an-organ expresses such wholesome sentiments? Alas! it was only last year when, not expecting Ku-Klux sympathy or support, the same candidate said—and unluckily people believed that he was then saying what he really thought—"I, therefore, on every proper occasion advocated and justified the Ku-Klux act. I hold it especially desirable for the South; and if it does not prove strong enough to effect its purpose [what! to re-elect the tyrant?], I hope it will be made stronger and stronger."

Of course this will not trouble the Baltimore Convention. That excellent body, manipulated in advance in this State, for instance, by the pure patriots (not vile office-holders) who arranged the Rochester Convention, will not care what Mr. Greeley ever said, or thought, or did, if only it can use him to ride back into power. But why should any sensible and sincere Republican help the work, or befool himself with the fancy that Mr. Clymer and General Beauregard care more for peace, law, and liberty than the Republican party?

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

The question of reading the Bible in the public schools is, as is well known, an entering wedge of ecclesiastical politicians. Therefore it has two parts: one is apparent, the other occult. One presents a very simple point—namely, whether under our Constitution, which recognizes no church nor religion, but guarantees equality for all, any kind of religious text or service can be rightfully introduced into schools for which all citizens are taxed alike. To ask this question is to answer it. The teacher has no right to inculcate a sectarian view of religion. He has no right to conduct a religious service according to any ritual. The object of the schools, for which Jews and infidels, Roman Catholics, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, Presbyterians, and all other Christian sects are equally taxed, is secular, not religious, instruction. Upon that we presume that all intelligent citizens are agreed.

A few months since there was great trouble in a school district at Hunter's Point, where certain Roman Catholic parents protested against the reading of the Bible in the school by the teacher. He very properly stated that he obeyed the direction of the Board of Education, which had prescribed that the Bible should be read without comment as an opening exercise. He expelled a child for refusing to attend at a school exercise ordered by the board, and the parent of the child appealed to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. Weaver. The superintendent has sustained the appeal, and has decided that the rule of the board is void, and that the reading of the Bible can not be made a school exercise. He repeats in his opinion the words of a former decision made by him: "There is no authority in the law to use as a matter of right any portion of the regular school-hours in conducting any religious exercise at which the attendance of the scholars is made compulsory." Of course any such exercise may be held for those who wish out of school-hours. Mr. Weaver, who is a Democrat, quotes the opinion of his Republican predecessor, Mr. Rice, who said, "A teacher has no right to consume any portion of the regular school-hours in conducting religious exercises, especially where objection is raised."

What, then, is a religious exercise? Is reading the Bible a religious exercise? If so, it must be—since the State recognizes no religion—because it is the religious book of some of the tax-payers. May no religious book be read, then? Would the reading of the Talmud, or passages from Confucius or from the Hindoo Vedas, be considered a religious exercise? and if not, why not, since they are also sacred books? But if the mere reading of the Bible without comment, even the narrative parts or the Psalms, be considered a religious exercise, still more so must be the strong inculcation of any tenet peculiar to any religious sect. If, therefore, a teacher should strongly insist upon monogamy as a Christian practice, and denounce polygamy as a crime, a Mormon parent might properly protest that his religious faith held it to be a virtue and even a duty, and insist that the teacher had no right to denounce the child's religion.

Again, if the object of the school system be merely secular instruction, and religious or sectarian opinions are to be respected, no text-books must be used which express such opinions. The histories of the religious wars, of the Huguenots, of the Spanish wars in the Netherlands, of papal Rome, of England and Ireland, are all written with a Catholic or a Protestant sympathy. They can not be considered secular, for they treat of the most vital religious subjects and differences. Why should a man who believes papal Rome to be the scarlet woman be taxed to support a school in which his child is taught in his history that papal Rome is the fruitful mother of all blessings? On the other hand, why should a Catholic who thinks with the old orator Muretus that the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve was a great victory of the faith be forced to pay taxes to have his child taught that it was a frightful Roman Catholic crime?

When we have come thus far we have reached the real point at which the ecclesiastical politicians aim when they object to the reading of the Bible in the schools—and that is the necessity of dividing the school money so that each sect may maintain its own schools. It must be shown, therefore, that reading the Bible is a religious exercise before it can be rightfully prohibited; and when that is done it must be further shown that books which state facts from a strong sectarian or religious point of view do not as much infringe the religious rights of the tax-payers as the mere reading of the Bible. It is notorious that those who complain of reading the Bible in the schools, if they could exclude it, would instantly denounce the schools as irreligious. Meanwhile we do not insist that the Bible shall be read in the schools, but we do insist that it shall not be excluded for reasons which would break up the school system itself.

TIBERIUS BY THE SEA.

The gloomy despot of the White House has retired, like Tiberius of old, to the seashore. Before leaving upon the imperial progress, which was conducted with all the usual hollow ostentation, the ogre wrote a letter of acceptance of the Philadelphia nomination. This farce will deceive no Cincinnati patriot, no soldier (we beg pardon for so military a word) of the beneficent revolution. The haughty tone of this letter should make all men tremble, in whose breasts still survives a lingering spark of hope for their country. It was evidently written with the point of the bloody imperial sword, and with the imperial foot planted upon the neck of a negro:

> "If elected in November, and protected by a kind Providence in health and strength to perform the duties of the high trust conferred, I promise the same zeal and devotion to the good of the whole people for the future of my official life as shown in the past. Past experience may guide me in avoiding mistakes inevitable with novices in all professions and in all occupations.
>
> "When relieved from the responsibilities of my present trust by the election of a successor, whether it be at the end of this term or next, I hope to leave to him as Executive a country at peace within its own borders, at peace with outside nations, with a credit at home and abroad, and without embarrassing questions to threaten its future prosperity.
>
> "With the expression of a desire to see a speedy healing of all bitterness of feeling between sections, parties, or races of citizens, and the time when the title of citizen carries with it all the protection and privilege to the humblest that it does to the most exalted, I subscribe myself, very respectfully."

What shameless nepotism!

SENATOR CARPENTER'S FACTS AND FANCIES.

Will Senator Carpenter please to explain? In the debate upon the appointment of the Labor Commission, over which he made merry, he said:

> "A few sessions ago, late in the evening, in an appropriation bill, somebody introduced a proposition about a civil service reform commission, authorizing the appointment of three persons with a salary of four or five thousand dollars a year. That was nothing, only $15,000 a year of the public money. It was not worth being talked about for fifteen minutes. We were in a hurry to pass the bill, and so it was crowded into the appropriation bill; and out of that we have seen a system arise which every man I have ever heard express an opinion about it regrets, and every other man is ashamed of."

If the Senator's memory of what he has heard "every man" say and of what "every other man" thinks whom he has not heard, is not more accurate than his remembrance of the proposition of which he speaks, he is in a "parlous" state. No such proposition as he mentions was ever introduced, and consequently it was not crowded into an appropriation bill. Indeed, any one who has read attentively the Senator's speeches during the late session can not but have felt that, amusing as they sometimes were, an occasional adherence to facts would have given them a pleasant variety.

Every body that he has heard express an opinion about the effort to improve the civil service regrets it, says Senator Carpenter. The Senator ought to read the newspapers, for then he would have known that on the 19th of December, 1871, the President of the United States approved instead of regretted the effort, and asked Congress to strengthen his hands in making it effective. As Mr. Carpenter is a Senator, and calls himself a friend of the President, it would, perhaps, really be worth while for him to acquaint himself in some degree with the subjects upon which he makes speeches, and with the publicly declared opinions of the Executive.

THE SAGE UPON HIS OWN NOMINATION AT BALTIMORE.

Now that the friends of the sage are confident of his nomination by the Democratic party, it will be well for the delegates to the Baltimore Convention to ponder his own views upon that subject.

There is a paper in Missouri called the *Caucasian*. Its character may be seen in the account which it gives of itself, as follows:

> "The Great White Man's Paper of North and South America—the ultra Democratic mouth-piece—the Unreconstructed Rebel *Caucasian*—had sounded the bugle-note of common-sense—declared in favor of rallying all good and true men, without regard to past political associations, around the one standard of opposition to corruption and the tan-yard boor. To show that we were willing to support any man who would lead a bolt in the Radical ranks, we put up the name of the Great Daddy of Abolitionism, and wrote him explaining our position and policy."

This was last October, so that the Springfield *Republican* will see that the great "beneficial revolution" in our politics really began with the *Caucasian*, and that this article, and not the Cincinnati platform, must be considered to be the original, Simon pure "second Declaration of Independence." To this proposition of a Democratic nomination the "honest old sage" replied as follows; and being honest as well as sage, we commend the answer to the Democratic delegates to Baltimore as light summer reading. After remarking that the *Caucasian* is correct as to the general policy of its party, the sage continues:

> "You only err as to the proper candidate. I am not the man you need. Your party is mostly free-trade, and I am a ferocious protectionist. I have no doubt that I might be nominated and elected by your help, but it would place us all in false and tangled positions. If I, who am adversely interested, can see this, I am sure your good sense will, on reflection, realize it."

Let the Democratic party, which has shown itself for a dozen years so sagacious, be entreated not to get itself and the Sage of Chappaqua into false and entangled positions.

PERSONAL.

The funeral of Mr. James Gordon Bennett was an unusually large one, considering that it was of an entirely private character. The assemblage of gentlemen prominent in various walks of life was quite numerous, while the journalistic element exceeded any thing witnessed in New York at a similar ceremonial. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Jones, of the *Times;* Greeley, of the *Tribune;* Dana, of the *Sun;* Erastus Brooks, of the *Express;* Bonner, of the *Ledger;* Stone, of the *Journal of Commerce;* Hastings, of the *Commercial Advertiser;* Bundy, of the *Evening Mail;* Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger;* and Hudson, formerly managing editor of the *Herald*.

—The nomination of Bainbridge Wadleigh, as United States Senator from New Hampshire, on the 13th inst., was altogether unexpected, and shows how party lines are coming to be less and less regarded. Mr. Wadleigh is little known beyond the bounds of New Hampshire. He is almost forty years of age, and is said to be a man of rare and versatile ability, an able lawyer, and has served eight years in the State Legislature. The nomination appears to be favorably received by all parties.

—We are indebted to the Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt for a copy of the fourth annual Report of the New York State Commissioners of Fisheries, of which he is an active member, his associates being the Hon. Horatio Seymour and George G. Cooper, Esq. This interesting document contains a full account of the labors of the commissioners during the past year, and shows that their experiments for the artificial propagation and the protection of fish in the waters of New York and the adjacent States are meeting with gratifying success. Not the least interesting portion of the report is Mr. Seth Green's account of his journey across the plains with thousands of young shad for the purpose of stocking the rivers of the Pacific coast with this delicious fish. The work of the commission is of the first importance, and deserving of universal encouragement and support.

—John Porter Brown, recently deceased at Constantinople, was the son of a tanner in Chillicothe, Ohio. He had been in Constantinople nearly forty years, mostly in connection with our legation. During this period he had managed to accumulate a handsome fortune, owned an elegant residence in Stamboul, and lived handsomely.

—Mr. Thomas Carlyle was offered $5000 to write a description of the Derby-day, to which his name might be appended. It was for an English country paper, anxious to make what is called a grand "splurge." T. C. declined the golden temptation.

—Speaking of Mr. William M. Evarts, the London *Court Journal* says, "He is a very clever man—so clever that his fellow-countrymen think that Lord Granville will fare no better in his hands than a bird under the influence of a snake."

—Rev. Robert Sloss, of Indianapolis, has received a unanimous call to the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church in this city.

—Philadelphia had one little ray of glory at the National Republican Convention: its favorite presiding officer on all great state and benevolent occasions, Morton M'Michael, was made temporary president, and discharged the delicate duties of the position with the tact, success, and wit which have made him so justly famous. We have no man in New York who does that sort of thing with any thing like the vim and "go" of Mr. M'Michael.

—Ashburton Webster, grandson of Daniel Webster, and only son of the late Colonel Fletcher Webster, has, at the request of Senator Wilson, been appointed to a clerkship in the Boston Custom-house.

—Joshua B. Smith, of Massachusetts, was the first colored man ever elected from that State to a National Convention. Though a firm friend of Senator Sumner, he voted for the renomination of Grant.

—The unveiling of the Shakspeare statue in Central Park, and the liberal manner in which all the incidental proceedings were carried out, have led to a fresh outbreak about the great bard and playwrights and actors generally. Apropos of the latter, there is an incident in the life of Garrick which we do not remember ever to have seen in print in this country. Mrs. Garrick was remarkably beautiful in face and person. She survived her husband forty-three years. They were a very happy couple, and enjoyed the highest society in the kingdom; and the remarkable fact is that, during the whole period of their marriage, whatever invitations they received or excursions they took, *they never once slept asunder*.

—The Abbé Michaud, who lately renounced the authority of his bishop on the Infallibility dogma, is about to open a spacious chapel in Paris for "Old Catholics." Father Hyacinthe is also to preach there.

—Mr. Belmont writes to a Mr. Woolley, of Ohio, that in case the Greeley men should show signs of desertion prior to the assembling of the Baltimore Convention, the best combination the Democrats could make would be William S. Groesbeck for President and Sanford E. Church or John Quincy Adams for Vice. Mr. Belmont also states that he never owned any interest in the *World* journal, nor exercised any influence over its editorials.

—Dr. Robinson, the president elect of Brown University, is tall, slender; hair perfectly white, and flung over from both sides across a baldness which it well conceals; a sharp Wellingtonian face, indicative of an imperious will, and a voice of clear and vigorous emphasis. He is intolerant of dissent, careless of praise, and pushes his class to their mettle by sharp demands for explanations.

—In reference to Prince Bismarck's health, the London *Lancet* says: "We have authority for stating that the nervous exhaustion, due to anxiety and overwork, has resulted in insomnia of such persistency that retirement from official duty is imperatively required."

—Mr. Mori, the Japanese minister, is of youth youthy, being only twenty-four, and he is said to be looking after an American wife. In this laudable effort he deserves a generous encouragement. He is a short gentleman, with a large head, covered with thick, straight, black hair. The embassy go every where—to schools, factories, asylums, and all sorts of places. One of the Japanese princes—Kodami—has been baptized in the Methodist church by Dr. Newman. It was through the influence of Judge and Mrs. Fisher, with whom he was studying, that his thoughts were turned to the consideration of the Christian religion.

—Mr. Disraeli, as an orator and leader, possesses an extraordinary power of "detachment"—the perfect coolness with which he can survey the struggle in the very passion and clamor in which he is, and calculate the advisability of magnanimous generosity of tone, or, it may be, of an assumed and exaggerated heat. There is something impressive in this exhibition of a cool intelligence directing the choice of weapons, mostly selecting with patient discrimination the venomed arrow of personal sarcasm, or the high argument of imperial duty.

—Of the American officers now attached to the army of Egypt, General Loring is a corps commander, with head-quarters at Alexandria. Sibley is in command at the important post of Rosetta. The two Reynoldses, father and son, formerly of the Confederate service, are stationed at Alexandria. Beverley Kennon, formerly of the navy, has already made his mark in the coast defense service. Sparrow Purdy, formerly on Franklin's staff, is making military surveys, and has given such satisfaction as to gain promotion. He has no fixed residence, but roams about like a Bedouin, pitching tent wherever duty calls. General Mott has just been decorated by the principal Egyptian, and given six months' furlough to come to New York.

—Mr. Epenetus Wagstaff, of Minnesota, having business at St. Paul, went to a certain hotel for his dinner, where the waiter politely asked him if he would have "beef, pork, mutton, veal, or chicken." "I don't care—*any thing* to beat Grant," was the reply of Mr. Wagstaff.

—Father Hyacinthe has been delivering in Rome a course of lectures on the dogmas and practices of the Roman Catholic Church.

—Gustav Bunge, the German chemist, has made a series of experiments which lead him to the decision that the common opinion that beef tea and extract of meat are as valuable articles of diet as tea or coffee is totally unfounded; that the refreshment they give is only due to their warmth and pleasant taste, and that their chief value is that they enable a person to take with appetite a larger amount of dry or tasteless food than he could otherwise do.

—Mr. Charles R. Buckalew, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, and one of the most popular men of his party in the State, is fifty-one years old, and a lawyer. He was a State Senator from 1850 to 1856. Mr. Buchanan, in 1858, appointed him minister to Ecuador. In 1863 he was elected United States Senator for six years by a majority of one vote, and during his term voted for all the war measures of the administration.

—Speaking of Alexander H. Stephens, the St. Louis *Times* says: "The trouble with him is that he hasn't got through with the war yet. He didn't go into it until five years after its inception, and in order to do as much fighting as his fellows he can't be mustered out till some time next year."

—Mr. Lewellyn Haskell, the founder of Lewellyn Park, Orange, New Jersey, a prominent and public-spirited citizen of that State, has just deceased. Lewellyn Park is one of the most beautiful spots in America—made so by Mr. Haskell. From a wild forest it has in a few years been converted into one of the most enchanting and romantic spots for residences on this continent. Its noble trees, picturesque ravines, fine prospects, and charming drives are not surpassed in the North.

—General Logan recently stated in the United States Senate—and of course he was accurate—that the people of Massachusetts thought an education at Harvard was requisite to fit a man to be town constable. The Senators from that State tacitly acquiesced.

—Mr. Goldwin Smith believes, it is said, that the whole human race is destined to embrace vegetarianism. As yet, however, he enjoys the cheerful steak, the amiable chop, and the consolatory bird.

—Mr. Brand, the new Speaker of the House of Commons, has instituted a rule which might be imitated with advantage in our legislative bodies. It is intended to give greater expedition and accuracy in taking divisions. Members now pass the division clerk in alphabetical order—from A to H inclusive on the right, and I to Y on the left. Half the time is thus saved.

—Henry W. Dutton, senior proprietor of the Boston *Transcript*, was foreman of a printing-office in Boston at the time James Gordon Bennett was employed there, and the intimacy then formed was continued until Mr. B.'s decease. Mr. Bennett was given the place of copy-holder to the proof-reader. He was very studious and correct, and after about a year's service was promoted to be book-keeper of the establishment. At this early day he was noted for his constant attendance upon the preaching of the noted men of the times in Boston—Rev. Dr. Channing, Rev. John N. Maffitt, and Rev. Dr. Moses Stuart, the famous professor at Andover Theological Seminary.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The second session of the Forty-second Congress was concluded June 10, both Houses adjourning without date. The Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, with the Enforcement Act amendment in a modified form, was passed in Senate and House, after a long discussion in committees of conference. A motion to take up the report of the committee of conference on the Steamboat bill failed in the Senate by a vote of 23 to 25. The House passed a bill abolishing the franking privilege after September 1, 1872, and providing for the issue of stamps for the President, heads of departments, the Senate, and House of Representatives, with which all public documents shall be stamped for free passage through the mails. The Senate bill granting a gift of $10,000 to the widow of the late General Anderson, in lieu of a pension, was also passed by the House. The closing hours of the last day's session were full of the excitement always witnessed on such occasions, and members, wearied with work, gladly sought their homes for repose.

President Grant and Senator Henry Wilson were formally notified, June 10, of their nomination by the Philadelphia Convention, and both accepted.

East New York has petitioned the Brooklyn Board of Aldermen to be annexed to Brooklyn.

A disastrous tornado swept over a portion of Ohio June 8, destroying many buildings and severely injuring as many as thirty persons.

A recent freshet in New Hampshire destroyed $100,000 worth of property, including a mile and a quarter of the Concord and Montreal Railroad.

The Japanese visited West Point last week, where they were received with a salute of five guns, after which they were introduced to the military authorities.

The Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of New York has decided against having the Bible read in the public schools. The decision was rendered in the case of the difficulty at Hunter's Point, Long Island. The Catholics are jubilant over their victory.

The Indiana Democratic State Convention has nominated ex-Senator Thomas W. Hendricks for Governor.

The piano-makers of New York having resolved unanimously not to accede to the demands of the strikers, many of the latter have yielded and returned to their benches.

The Republicans gained the recent Oregon election by about one thousand majority.

Ex-United States Senator James W. Wall, of New Jersey, died in Elizabeth on Sunday, June 9, aged fifty-three years.

An eight-hour parade of working-men took place in New York June 10. The movement fell far below what was promised, only about 4000 instead of 30,000 men appearing in line.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The international boat-race between the Atalantas and the London crew took place June 10, and resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the former. At the end of the contest there was a distance of twenty lengths between the boats.

The revolution in Venezuela has ended. The insurgent, Salazar, after his defeat and flight, was captured, tried by court-martial, and shot.

Dispatches from Berlin say that a bill is being prepared in the Federal Council providing for the expulsion of all Jesuits from Germany.

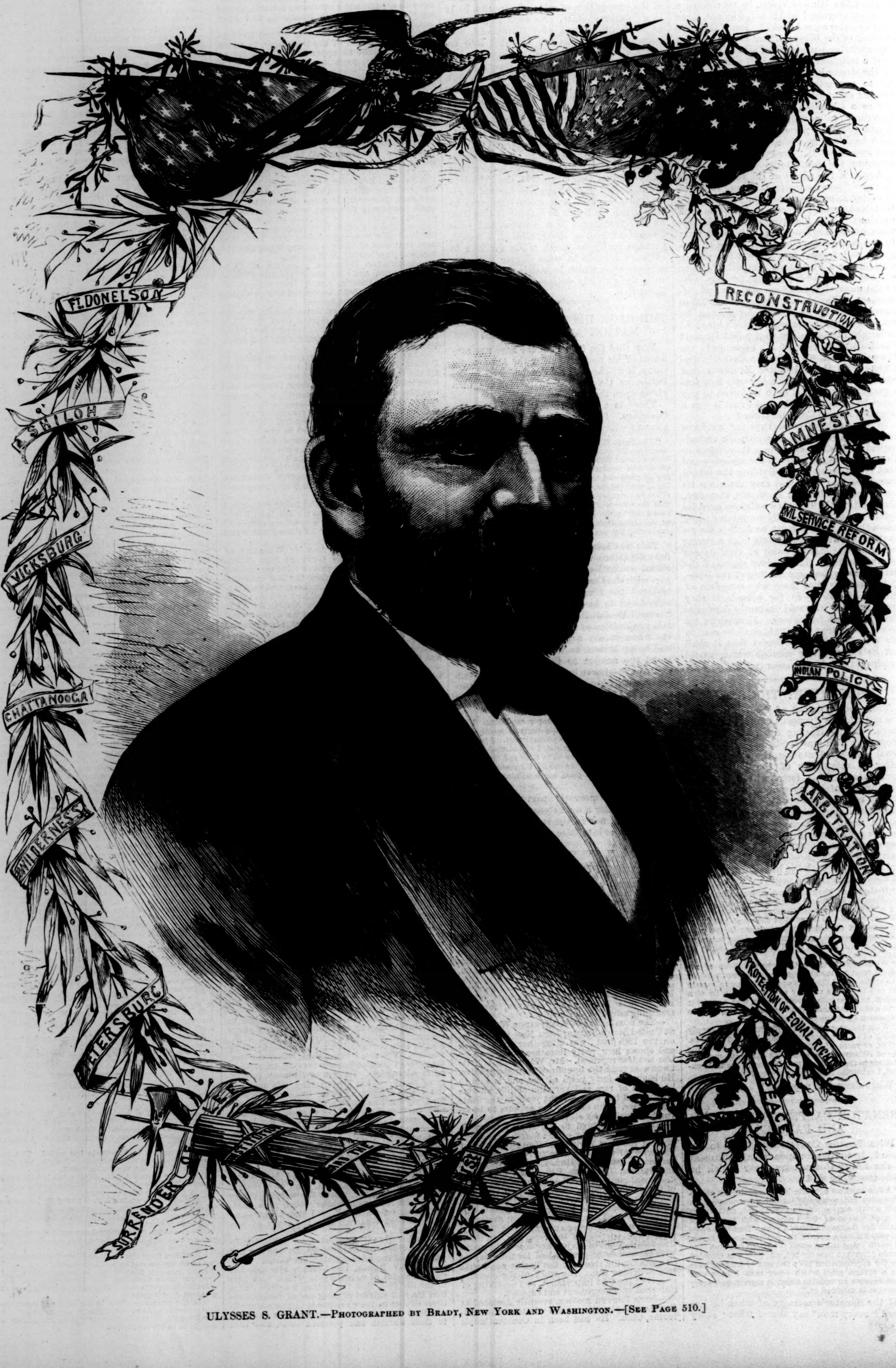
The San Juan boundary case is now fully before the arbiter—Emperor William of Germany—England's answer to our "case" and the replication thereto having both been presented.

The Canadian government has passed a resolution placing tea and coffee on the free list, except when imported from the United States.

Dispatches from Constantinople say that the cholera has again broken out in Southern Russia.

Later accounts of the floods in Bohemia show that they were more disastrous than at first supposed. Besides the immense amount of property destroyed, seven hundred lives were lost.

Another crisis has arisen in the affairs of the Spanish government, and the ministry has resigned. A combination of the Carlists and Internationalists is said to be in contemplation.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CIVIL SERVICE REFORM
INDIAN POLICY
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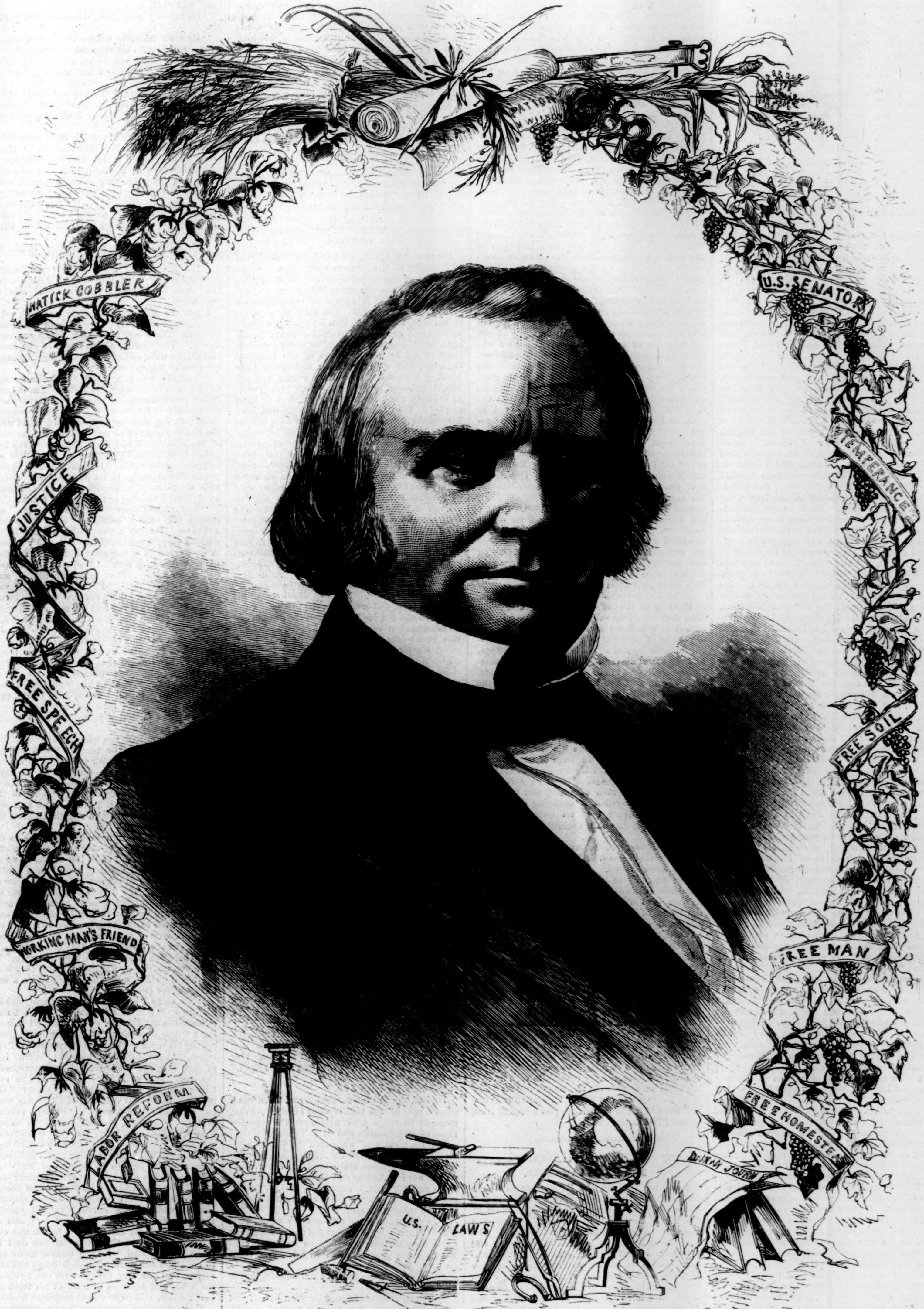
PROTECTION OF EQUAL RIGHTS
PEACE

ULYSSES S. GRANT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 510.]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FREE MAN
FREE HOMESTEADS
JOURN
U.S.
LAWS

HENRY WILSON.—Photographed by Brady, New York and Washington.—[See Page 510.]

GATHERING ROSES.

Out in the shaded porch she stood,
Twining the sweet rose-vine.
Said I, "There is one bright rose I see
That I fain would keep as mine."
"I'll toss you your choice," she gayly said,
The rose leaves fluttering o'er her head.

"My rose," said I, "is the largest there,
And if that one you refuse—
The sweetest, brightest, best of all—
"None other will I choose."
"Come gather your rose yourself!" said she,
Turning her blushing face from me.

Gladly I did her bidding then,
And clasping her hand in mine,
Gathered my rose all close to me
Under the fragrant vine.
"This is the one I want!" cried I:
Only a kiss for her reply.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

In the autumn of 1861 the empire of Jefferson Davis seemed as firmly established as if it had endured for ages. Its territory reached from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; its people were apparently united by a terrible bond; its armies, flushed with victories, with the capture of Sumter, the easy fall of Norfolk, the battle of Bull Run, hung threateningly upon the border; and the people of the North, disheartened and divided, entered doubtfully upon the war of freedom. Europe opened its ports and its dock-yards to the pirates of the South, and European statesmen declared that the Union was forever broken. "How," they exclaimed to the government at Washington, "can you hope to subdue a country of immense extent, filled with a hostile population, your superiors in military and political energy and science? Which of your beaten commanders can approach in genius a Johnston or a Lee?" He who was to confound the jealous hopes of the English oligarchy and of the despot of France, to dissipate forever the dull dreams of chivalry and tyranny, was General Grant. By a series of mighty blows our Northern champion crushed to atoms the vast empire of slavery, and saved, for the countless generations of the future, the last refuge of freedom. Born among the people, Grant was educated at West Point, became conspicuous in the Mexican war, and at the opening of the rebellion was engaged in commercial pursuits. He at once offered his services to his country. While others faltered and held back irresolute, his policy was always to strike unsparing blows at the haughty rebellion. He seized Paducah, and terrified Kentucky into submission. He attacked the enemy at Belmont, and saved Missouri. He planned a daring invasion of Tennessee, and cut at Donelson that vast line of defenses which had seemed to offer an impenetrable barrier to the Union forces. He pressed on, and in defiance of the doubts and terrors of his superiors defeated Beauregard at Shiloh, and planned the siege of Vicksburg.

Two years had passed since the opening of the war, and still, in the spring of 1863, the rebellion seemed unshaken in its central strongholds. The Union armies had fled, beaten and decimated, behind the defenses of Washington, and the rebel commanders promised their soldiers the plunder of the rich cities of the North; once more England and France exulted over the fall of republicanism, and the opposition press in every Northern State urged the people to rebellion, or scoffed at the misfortunes of the nation. Yet Grant, far away in the enemy's country, never lost his grasp on Vicksburg. At the head of thirty thousand soldiers, taken from the workshops and the farms of the West, he pierced the rich fields of Mississippi, and drove before him the best leaders of the South. Discouraged by his superiors, decried by his rivals, he clung to his purpose. Vicksburg fell on a memorable Fourth of July; the Mississippi was forever consecrated to freedom; never again would the slave-gangs float down its mighty tide, or chivalry and tyranny bar its pathway to the sea. The nation at once recognized its preserver, and Grant was placed in command of all the armies of the West.

He, at least, knew that the vigorous intellects and hardy frames of the working-men of the North were more than a match for the feeble chivalry of the decaying South, and under his careful discipline grew up an army that was never beaten. Yet its powers were to be tested in achievements scarcely equaled in history. A great Union army was defeated at Chickamauga, and shut up in Chattanooga. The enemy looked down with secure confidence from Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain upon the starving Unionists. One man alone could save the beleaguered forces. Grant, enfeebled by a recent accident, threw himself into Chattanooga. Soon his brilliant leaders gathered around him. Hooker and Sherman, Thomas and Sheridan, served in his army; and on a bright November day the thick masses of the Union forces climbed Lookout Mountain, swept in a wonderful charge up Missionary Ridge, and drove the best soldiers of the South from their almost impregnable position. Grant next, at the call of the nation, assumed the command of all the national forces, and the dreadful drama grew in epic interest as the two chiefs of the rival armies approached each other before the lines of Richmond, prepared for the final struggle. With the same bold strategy with which he had swept through Tennessee, or pierced the heart of Mississippi, Grant struck Lee a succession of blows such as that brilliant leader had never felt before, crossed the James River, and besieged the rebel capital. Months rolled away as he slowly sapped the defenses of the dying rebellion. The opposition party at the North foretold disasters. Horace Greeley, discouraged and dismayed, essayed to negotiate a peace; but the people sustained their resolute leader, and were resolved to have no peace until slavery and the Confederacy had been forever destroyed. At length the contest ended as the people and Grant had foreseen. The Confederacy perished in the flames of Richmond. Every slave was set free from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. The working-men of Europe and of every land rejoiced as they saw the downfall of that horrible system of government which had been founded on human bondage, and which had striven to establish in free America the principles and the practices of Congo or Dahomey.

It was thus successfully that Grant performed the high yet ever-painful duty imposed upon him. He fought in the cause of industry, education, morals, religion, and, aided by honest statesmen and heroic soldiers, by a nation that lavished all its resources in the struggle for life, he conquered. Nor is it possible to estimate too highly the benign effect of that victory upon the general welfare of mankind. But for the success of the Union arms, Mr. Bancroft assures us with historic accuracy, the unity of Germany would never have been perfected. Nor would the Southern States have ever been laid open to the spread of education and a progressive civilization. In 1868, by the general voice of the people, General Grant was elected to the Presidential chair. Surrounded as he was by wise and patriotic statesmen, he had yet before him a task of singular difficulty. He succeeded to an administration notoriously corrupt. Peculation and dishonesty prevailed widely in many of the departments of government; officials were often untrustworthy; the resources of the impoverished nation were wasted in carelessness or improvidence; an oppressive taxation weighed down the various branches of industry, and an enormous debt threatened the solvency and the credit of the Union. The administration at once set itself to relieve the burdens of the people. A strict economy was introduced into every department. Dishonest officials were punished and removed. The military force was reduced below even the usual peace footing, and every needless expense was rigidly cut off. During the four years of General Grant's administration the taxes have been reduced by $250,000,000, the national debt by more than $300,000,000; the national credit has been placed far above suspicion, and the cost of the government diminished until it presents an example of economy unequaled among its contemporaries. In our fortunate country, for the first time in history, more money is expended upon the public schools than upon fleets and armies.

No part of the country has profited more largely by General Grant's vigorous administration than that which he subdued. He found it disturbed by crime and disorder, the common consequences of civil war: he has checked the marauders who burned school-houses in Mississippi, and the secret assassins who assailed the Unionist and the colored man in the Carolinas. Life, liberty, property, are now more secure in the Southern States than they were ever before, and the rigid yet kindly oversight of the government is alone required to secure the continuance of a prosperous peace. Knowledge, education, and moral and mental progress are gradually pressing onward toward the Rio Grande. Even Texas has established a system of free schools. The victories of Grant have raised six millions of ignorant and hopeless serfs, white or colored, to a new sense of their manhood, and the great common-school system is shedding already its beneficent influence over an immense region from whence it was once excluded by barbarous laws.

Again Ulysses S. Grant has been nominated by the friends of union and of peace for the office he has filled so well. Against him are arrayed all the elements of political discord and decay. His defeat is the desperate aim of the men whom he conquered at Richmond, of the disunionists at the North, of all who would check the spread of education, and condemn the laboring classes to an unworthy inferiority. For all Grant's victories, whether in peace or war, have been won for the rights and the welfare of the people; nor are the people ungrateful or forgetful of the great deeds he performed in their cause. Amidst the clamor and the defamation of his enemies, they once more rise to his support as they rallied around him in the darkest hours of the war; the spirit that ruled in the stern advance of the Union armies, roused by the virulence of the foes of freedom, is once more moving on; nor will the people be satisfied until they have secured for themselves four years more of progress and of repose, have crushed their reactionary opponents with a terrible overthrow, have set the seal of infamy anew upon the foreheads of Davis and Beauregard, and placed Grant victoriously, for a second time, in the Presidential chair.

HENRY WILSON.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Senator Wilson, the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, represents the sterling virtues of New England and the principles of freedom. He began, like most of our eminent men, his career in industry and poverty. His success in his trade arose from diligence and toil, honesty and truthfulness. From the common schools of his native State he gained the firm foundations of that mental training which has made him of use to his country and to mankind. He has risen through the various grades of political office, always laboring to perform his best work in the cause of the people; has always been the friend of popular education, the advocate of every measure that tends to equality and personal independence. His private character is as blameless and as dignified as his public. And it is a happy proof of the excellence of free institutions that so pure a man as Henry Wilson should be nominated as the successor of one so eminent for private virtue as Schuyler Colfax. Both have won the confidence and the affection of their countrymen, have risen from the common school and the workshop, understand the wants of the nation, the necessities of freedom. And as no man stood more firmly at the side of Grant in the dark period of danger, so could none aid him more appropriately or more effectually than Henry Wilson in a new term of reform, economy, and of popular progress.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

IN PAIRS.

Swansdale Hall, as has been hinted, was well worthy of Mrs. Somers's eulogium. While in reality of considerable extent, the straggling character of its architecture, which was of various periods, made it appear to occupy even a greater space than it did. The main entrance was at the side, and opened into a huge stone court, which again gave access to another court, inclosing a bowling-green (now perverted to croquet), commanded by the windows of the principal chamber, and with a terrace and stone steps fronting the river. How many a time had fair dames in hoops and patches swept that sward, or sat upon the velvet banks to watch their lords at play! How many stately minuets had been danced there in the summer eves by long-trained misses and high-heeled beaux! How often, beneath those thick box-tree walls, proof against prying eyes, had the tale that never palls been whispered to powdered nymphs by ruffled swains! The cedar on the lawn had seen them, sheltered them; and from its mournful boughs, as the wind of evening stirred them, one heard a sigh, as though in memory of those scenes of old-world elegance and elaborate ease. As little, however, did the present tenants of Swansdale Hall speculate upon the generations before them as had those done upon what manner of men should succeed *them*. Each had his own views, expectations, hopes; and some their cares. At dinner-time, however, you would not easily have lit upon a merrier company. The host drank to all his guests in turn, and seemed in the highest spirits, and each one did his best toward the general entertainment; if they did not always succeed in this benevolent object, it was not their fault. After dinner they strolled about the garden—which the moon showed as brightly as in the day—in pairs. Let us play the eavesdropper on their talk.

"What on earth made Arthur bring that man down here?" asked Blanche of Adair.

"Which man?"

"Why, Mr. Paul Jones, of course."

"I don't think he is at all worse than the other."

"Mr. Allardyce? Well, he is at least a gentleman."

"'At least,' you say. I fear the thing is not so common, Miss Tyndall, as your remark would suggest. Moreover, Allardyce is not a gentleman. Is it possible that, because he has a handle to his name, Miss Blanche Tyndall takes the fact for granted?"

"I am not going to be led into an argument only to be beaten by your trained wits, Mr. Adair. I know you have always your lance in rest against people of quality."

"Why don't you say I run a muck against birth and riches because I myself have neither to boast of?" said Adair, with bitterness.

"Because that would be untrue. Your nature is too, no—too just for that. Birth and riches are, every body allows, an accident—"

"And poverty an offense," interrupted Jack, with a little sigh.

"With very vulgar people, like Mr. Paul Jones, it may be so. I have got back to him, you see, notwithstanding your adroit endeavors to lure me from the point. Why did Arthur ask him here?"

"You had better ask your cousin himself."

"That means you will not tell me."

"It means that I have no right to do so. One often wishes to tell things when one has no right."

"Other people's secrets?"

"Sometimes one's own."

He had stopped mechanically, and there was a silence save for the beat of their hearts. At that moment footsteps drew near upon the gravel—those of Mrs. Somers and Mrs. Tyndall.

"Why, bless me," whispered the former, with vivacity, "I do believe we are coming upon the lovers! My glasses are behind my neck somewhere, but it's Arthur and Helen, is it not?"

"Certainly not," answered Mrs. Tyndall, gravely. "That's my Blanche: your daughter is much taller than she."

"Is there any thing between the young people?" Materially, there was not; they were very close together indeed—Blanche with her eyes fixed on the ground, Adair with his eyes fixed on hers.

"Nothing. They are very old friends, that is all."

In the strictest confidence between herself and the box-tree wall, Mrs. Somers winked a wink of sagacious incredulity, but all she said was, "Oh, indeed!"

"What a lovely night!" exclaimed Mrs. Tyndall, cheerfully addressing the clandestine pair.

"Is it *not*, mamma? We were just enjoying the calm and silence."

A burst of boisterous laughter broke from the terrace above their heads.

"Mr. Paul Jones enjoys it too—after his fashion," said Jack, dryly.

"He's a very noisy man," observed Mrs. Somers.

"He's an odiously vulgar little man, that's what *I* call him," said Blanche, impetuously.

"We will rather say he lets his spirits get the better of him," remarked her mother, reprovingly.

"Indeed, mamma, I think it is Arthur's spirits that have got the better of him," said Blanche.

"Hush, hush! he is your cousin's guest, remember."

"That is just what Mr. Adair and I were talking of when you came up," said Blanche. "How *could* he have asked him? Did you ever see a man behave so at a dinner-table?—proposing toasts and wanting to sing songs. When he pronounced that opinion upon the hero of my uncle's story, Lord Camelford—'Well, I think his lordship was stark staring mad'—I really thought Uncle Magus would have put him out of window."

"He *would*, if there had been any height to drop him from," said Adair, laughing.

"No, Mr. Adair; Uncle Magus would never have done any thing unseemly at Arthur's table," said Mrs. Tyndall. "But hush! here *is* your uncle."

Upon the walk beneath them could be seen two gigantic shadows, projected from the forms of Uncle Magus and the rector, advancing very slowly. The former, with a finger of one hand laid on the palm of the other, was arguing some question with great earnestness.

"You are wrong, my dear Sir; quite wrong. Of course it is distressing to a clergyman to hear of any gentleman being cut off by a pistol-shot, particularly if he leaves a large family unprovided for; but that loss is a trifle compared with the benefit resulting to society from the practice of the duello. What does Mandeville say?—'Man is civilized by nothing so irresistibly as by fear.' And again: 'Is it not strange that a nation should grudge to see perhaps half a dozen men sacrificed in a twelvemonth to obtain such an invaluable blessing as politeness of manners!'"

"Nay, if you come to quote authorities," returned the rector, smiling, "hear Benjamin Franklin. He has a story, with a rider to it, which I think I can remember in his very words. A gentleman in a coffee-room desired another to sit further from him. 'Why so?' 'Because, Sir, you smell.' 'That, Sir, is an affront, and you must fight me.' 'I will fight you, if you insist upon it, but I don't see how that will mend the matter. For if you will kill me, *I* shall smell too; and if I kill you, you will smell, if possible, worse than you do at present.' Upon which the philosopher has this reflection: 'How can such miserable worms as we are entertain so much pride as to conceive that every offense against our imagined honor merits death!'"

"Benjamin Franklin, Sir," rejoined Uncle Magus, "may, for all I know, have been a philosopher, and I will take his own word for it that he was a miserable worm; but it is plain he was not a gentleman."

"Well, I am sure you will not say that of Dr. Paley," contended the rector; "and yet his views are quite as decided as Franklin's on this subject. 'Dueling, as a punishment,' he says, 'is absurd, because it is an equal chance whether the punishment falls on the offender or the person offended; nor is it much better as a reparation, it being difficult to explain in what the satisfaction consists—'"

"Difficult to explain, perhaps," broke in the other, "but not to feel—that is, in the case of a man of honor. And as to the duello being an equal chance, that depends upon how a gentleman may choose to neglect his opportunities of improving himself. If you will one day do me the honor of listening to some manuscript notes which I have written upon this important subject, wherein every thing is dealt with from the *cartel*, or note of defiance, down to the minutest conduct at the *releager*, or place of meeting—"

"There are ladies on the box-tree walk," interrupted the rector, hastily; "and if they have overheard us they must think our subject a very blood-thirsty one."

"Not at all," answered Uncle Magus, sinking his voice; "that's a vulgar error, which I have exploded in my Chapter on Chances. I remember a friend once sending for me, whom I found pacing his room in the most violent state of agitation. 'I am going out,' he said: 'there! look at that letter on the table. I have accepted a challenge, and want your pistols.' (The poor fellow had not even pistols of his own.) 'Oh, my poor wife! and that cursed Equitable won't pay a rap of my insurance!' 'Pshaw! pshaw!' said I. 'Compose yourself and listen to me. You are going out, true; but that is no reason you should be shot. Only one man out of fourteen' (in reality, out of thirteen and a half, but I gave him the half in to encourage him) 'receives the *coup de cœur*.' 'What's that?' says he. He was lamentably ignorant of an accomplishment that every gentleman should acquaint himself with, and a nervous subject besides. However, in the end I composed him, and the event justified my calculations, for he was only winged. Yes, Sir, the effects of the duel are much exaggerated. I have known many men to have had bullets through their lungs and their spleen, and one who, though shot twice through the head, and deprived of most of his teeth and half his jaw, still enjoys most excellent health."

"His digestion must have been naturally very good," observed Mr. Glyddon, smiling; "even better than Arthur's proved to be in the shipwreck, about which Mr. Jones was laughing at dinner. Not a good-mannered man, by-the-bye, I must say, that Mr. Jones."

"Good-mannered? In my time, Sir, a man with such manners would be impossible. I have had a man out before now for less than that; but there! I can bear any thing for Arthur's sake."

"I did not notice that Mr. Jones committed any rudeness to yourself."

"Rudeness? No, Sir; it was a point-blank insult. I was telling a story of my friend the late Lord Camelford, a man of the nicest and most scrupulous sense of honor. It was this: An acquaintance dining at his lordship's house in town gave him some cause for offense, which demanded satisfaction, but, mindful of his position as host, he restrained his feelings. When his friends departed, however, he offered the offender a seat in his own carriage—took him 'off the stones' to Acton Green—and then produced a pair of pistols. 'You insulted me at dinner,' said he, 'and I could not resent it; but now you are my guest no longer.' Then shot him in the leg at fourteen paces. Many men in Camelford's position would have given him the *coup de cœur*, but he was magnanimity itself. Yet this Mr. Paul Jones expressed his opinion that his lordship, whose memory I revere, was a stark staring madman."

"I think he hardly knew what he said," observed the rector; "else he would never have asked for whisky-and-water after dinner."

"I am not so sure of that point," rejoined the other, doubtfully. "Though I do not affect spirits myself, I have known men of honor in Ireland to indulge in them. I am sorry to see Arthur, however, has a friend such as this Jones."

"One who has lived a roving life, like Tyndall, must needs pick up some strange acquaintances; and I dare say this man has his good points. Arthur has, at all events, chosen a most beautiful bride."

"A good-looking young lady, no doubt: I have not a word to say against her. Though, if you ask me, Mr. Glyddon, if she is such a bride as his mother would have chosen for him, I must needs say 'No.'"

"I trust she has not incurred your displeasure?"

"Certainly not—so far as she is personally concerned. It would be very difficult for any young lady to do so, I hope; while in her case I have even to acknowledge an evident desire to please a forlorn old man whose only claim on her is that he is her lover's kinsman. But I hear to-night, for the first time, from Mr. Wynn Allardyce"—the old man looked cautiously about him and sunk his voice—"that the Somers family are connected with trade. I had taken it for granted that they were the Somerses of Lincolnshire—"

"May I ask," interrupted the rector, "what caused this Mr. Allardyce to make you acquainted with that fact?"

"It was no officiousness on his part, I am bound to say, Sir. He was so good as to prevent my completing a rather sweeping expression of opinion respecting the commercial community by a whispered mention of the fact. Miss Somers may possess, and doubtless does so, all the virtues of her sex; but Arthur is marrying beneath him; and you know as well as I what must needs come of *that*."

The rector was silent. Was it the effect of the moonlight, or had his fresh complexion on a sudden become pale?

"You are surely not in favor of unequal marriages, Mr. Glyddon? I mean among the laity; for I know your views respecting the celibacy of the clergy, and though I do not agree with them—for I am no papist—pray forgive me; that was a rudeness. I meant to say I respect those views in you, though not in others. Well, if you were to marry, I say, you would not choose the miller's daughter, nor the sexton's. And yet that is just what Arthur has done in his Parish—which is the World—he has chosen a hop-merchant's, in other words, I suppose, a brewer's daughter. Now the Magus blood, Sir, is not a thing to mix with yeast."

"There is a sight yonder which seems to shame the artificial distinctions to which you attach such weight," said the rector, smiling. He pointed to the river, up which a skiff was being slowly oared. The oarsman was leaning forward, and scarcely moved the sculls, the silvery splash of which could just be heard. The steerer, attired in white muslin, was leaning forward also, as though in whispered converse with him. It was Arthur and Helen. She had expressed a wish to go on the river by moonlight, to which he had, of course, acceded. If she had reflected a little, it might have occurred to her that the necessity of the case would keep them considerably more distant from one another in a boat than there was any occasion for when walking in the grounds; but young women are too often the creatures of impulse. On the other hand, it is true, they seemed more alone together, more cut off from the unsympathizing world, when on the silent river, and were certainly less liable, perhaps at some tender crisis, to interruption from their fellow-creatures.

"You're sure it won't tire you, Arthur, to row just a little way?"

"Not thirty miles, Helen, in your company."

"Nor bore you?"

She knew—or flattered herself she knew—that it would not do that; but she wished to hear him say so.

"There is nothing I should enjoy more. Is the seat quite comfortable? Would you like to steer, or shall I take off the rudder?"

"Oh, I should like to steer, of all things."

"But, my dear Helen, you are steering up stream."

"Why not, dear? I want to see the lock by moonlight: I thought it so very pretty this afternoon."

"Well, just as you please, dear; but though, as I said, it would not tire me, I must confess I should prefer down stream to up." He rested on his oars, so that the boat began to drift down of itself.

"Why, you silly darling," laughed Helen, "what can it signify which way we start, since we shall have to come back again?"

"To be sure; I forgot that," said he. "What a droll idea!" He was so merry over his stupidity that he could not pull a stroke for laughter, and the boat drifted down the stream still more.

What he was saying to himself all the time was: "I will not go to the lock. What would Jenny think, if I took Helen there on the first evening of my return?"

"But you are going down stream, Arthur, all this time."

"Yes, I mean to do so," was Arthur's reflection: "nothing—*nothing* shall induce me to go to the lock." What he *said* was: "My dear Helen, a thousand pardons, but I am as weak as a cat with laughing. Do wipe my eyes for me with that lovely handkerchief. Thanks, dear, thanks. We will drop down stream first, and then row up again to the lock. It's just the same thing, as you were saying; and since we have got so far, it is scarcely worth while to turn!"

Helen was not quite pleased at this. She liked to have her own way, and especially with her slave. She was silent, which is not a good sign in any woman. But she could not keep her eyes from Arthur, and he was grand to look upon; plying the oars with such strength and skill—for he had recovered himself now—that the boat seemed to fly through the stream, and smiling on her, notwithstanding her pouted lips, with persevering good humor. She could well imagine how he had been the life and soul of that unhappy shipwrecked company; and then she thought of the sick boy he had saved from death, and her heart melted within her.

"By-the-bye," said Arthur, presently, "I forgot to ask my darling what she thinks of Uncle Magus?"

"I think he's a *dear* old man," answered Helen, eagerly. "I am sure the kindness of his manner toward myself and mamma—notwithstanding his grave and stately ways—could not be exceeded."

"I am so glad you like him, Helen, because, so long as he lives, I should wish him to always occupy the cottage. I owe him a debt of gratitude for his conduct toward me as a boy, not only in teaching me all boyish arts—to ride, to shoot, to swim—but as a peace-maker between myself and my poor father. He has no other kinsman, nor any one to care for him, but myself."

"One other *now*," said Helen, softly. "After what you have said, I am sure Uncle Magus will be always welcome in any house of mine."

"Thanks, dear, thanks. The old man was once very different from what you see him now: he has mixed with the gayest and the highest; but they have all forgotten him—that is, the few he has not outlived. 'A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,' Blanche calls him."

"What a shame to call him a pagan!" said Helen, unconscious of the quotation. "I noticed he stood up when Mr. Glyddon said grace at dinner, and looked more devout than any body."

"Nay, she didn't mean it in a bad sense; but that he lives in the past, and loves old-world customs and opinions. His family was the oldest in Ireland—for all I know, in the world; and through centuries of hopeless ruin the head of his race has always hoarded the title-deeds of his confiscated estates, and attached to them the same value as though they gave him the lordship of a province. He hoards them still in yonder cottage; but there is none to whom to transmit them. His only son died of want—of sheer starvation."

"Oh, Arthur, how shocking!"

"Yes, and the more so since, but for ancestral pride, Uncle Magus might have saved him. But he would not stoop to ask for help of any man. He himself was rescued by my father with difficulty, and almost by force, from the same horrible fate. His pistols, the last relics of his palmy time, were lying by his side; and in the same room was the dead body of his son—the last of his proud line—which he had embalmed by some process learned during his travels in the East."

"How terrible! But would he not part with his pistols to get bread for his son?"

"We must not say that, Helen. He did not know the boy was so near his end, or, rather, the brave young fellow concealed the necessity of his condition to spare his father pain. Imagine such abject poverty befalling the lineal descendant of Magus of the Hills! But there! I dare say you never heard of him: he is the man, however, of whom (as of Wray of Ards) the tale is told that he left his castle and lived at an inn for weeks because he saw his daughter washing some egg-shell china with her own hands. The china is lost to Uncle Magus, but the pride remains."

"And *you*, too, have some of this ancient blood in your veins," murmured Helen, admiringly. The herb valerian was at work with her; for, next to a title, the fact of tenacity of existence in any particular family excites the female breast to enthusiasm. Yet the lowest type of creature clings to life though you cut it in pieces, and begets its tens of thousands, while a Shakspeare leaves no heirs. "Oh, Arthur, how *could* you think of marrying *me*?"

"Well, my darling, there were very many reasons," answered Arthur, with mock gravity. "If you will look in the water, for instance, you will see one. I couldn't help thinking of it, directly I set eyes on you."

"Are you sure of that—*quite* sure, dear?" answered she, earnestly. "I have sometimes thought—just now and then—that it was not so. In spite of myself a feeling has crept over me—though I never thought to tell you of it—that I was not always, as I hope and believe I am now, first and foremost with you. It seemed to me—I don't know what moves me to confess it, except that I do not wish to have a secret from you—that some other image occupied your heart when I first knew you, and that that had to fade and fade before it could receive mine. It *has* faded—has it not, darling?—altogether *now*?"

She leaned forward beseechingly, imploringly, and laid her hand upon his knee.

"It was a mirage," said Arthur, smiling faintly: "there was no real image till I saw *you*." There was a pause; she looked at him doubtfully; and he added: "I don't wish you to imagine that my heart waited for you, prescient of your coming. For how *could* that be, darling? You are too sensible to believe it. Men are not like women, pure and patient, content to wait for their ideal. If any man of my age tells one like you—whom he has known but a few months—that he never thought of love before he saw her, he lies! I hope I do not shock you: I trust I have not been mistaken in my estimate of your good sense and knowledge of the world; if I have, remember, Helen, you put me to the question."

"Yes, I suppose it must be so," sighed Helen, drawing her finger through the water, and looking down at it. "So you did love another, did you, Arthur, before me?"

"Several!" (She started.) "Lots!"

"Oh, Arthur!" cried she, bursting into tears.

"Pooh, pooh! my dear: they were but

'The summer pilots of an empty heart
Unto the shore of—nothing.'

Or if one of them—or some of them—was something more, they were not to me as you are: that I swear. We never exchanged vows of unalterable attachment; never swore to be faithful to one another; never— But why should I say more: you do not doubt me, Helen?"

"No, dearest." She held out her little hand for him to kiss, and smiled divinely. "Your lips are cold, Arthur; I am afraid you are taking cold. Let us turn back and go home."

"It is cold work doing penance in one's shirt sleeves," returned Arthur, smiling; "but one feels all the better for it. I am shriven and forgiven, am I not?"

"Oh yes, indeed. I never, never was so happy!"

So they rowed back to land, whispering soft nothings, and not a word did Helen say of wishing to row up stream to see the lock; but Arthur's heart was heavy within him and smote him sore.

Beside the croquet ground, above terrace and garden and river, sat yet another pair.

"Why can't you talk to a fellow, Allardyce?" said one, peevishly, after a long silence, during which they puffed at their cigars.

"Because," replied the other, "one can say nothing at which you don't burst out laughing like a hyena. You're drunk, Sir; and it is not pleasant to be the keeper of a drunken man. But for me you would have gone down among those people yonder and done for us both. Our invitation here was not so pressing that you can afford to make a beast of yourself. It would serve you right if Tyndall kicked you out neck and crop."

"He won't do that," said Mr. Paul Jones, cunningly. "When a man has got the thumb-screws on, he is very careful how he moves. With one turn I could smash his bones."

"Not yet, my friend; don't think it. You would bruise him a little, that is all. It needs another turn or two."

"Which we will give it."

"We intend to do so; but in the mean time you must endeavor to imitate a gentleman. I tell you again that you are making our position here precarious by your pot-house manners."

"Precarious? Come, I like that, when I saw you making love to Miss Helen on the barge, under Tyndall's very eyes! Yes, yes; you may be as angry as you please; but I am not going to have all my plans thrown over because you choose to indulge your fancies."

"Pooh, pooh! You are talking of what you don't understand," answered Allardyce, contemptuously. "So long as you get your money—I mean other people's money—you are content; but for my part, it is also necessary that I amuse myself. It would be dangerous in your case to do so (if it were not absurd), I grant; but it is not so in mine. You are a master of *finesse* at whist; but in other matters, my dear Paul, you are crass, gross, of the earth earthy, and incapable as a lock-gate of a delicate movement."

"Indeed! Yet which of us was it that procured us the invitation to Swansdale?"

"You mean, extorted a permission to present ourselves here. Well, I allow that that is owing to you, and give you full credit for your audacity. It was a bold stroke to write to a man who owed you money, to tell him that if he did not ask yourself and friend to visit him under his own roof, you would send the sheriff's officer there instead!"

"I did nothing of the kind. I wrote a most polite letter; you shall see it some day—quite a remarkable combination of friendship and—well, firmness; and while hinting at the little account between us, pleasantly suggested that the result of our meeting here would be as likely as not to wipe it out, or even to *leave a balance on the other side*. Think of that, Sir—wasn't it a fine touch?"

"I say again it was audacious: *l'audace, l'audace, et toujours l'audace*, should be your motto when you come to have one. 'There are four things,' says Solomon, 'which say not *It* is enough;' but he would have written, 'There are *five* things,' if he had been acquainted with a gambler who is unlucky. Tyndall's ill luck is not likely to change, I'm afraid.—Hush! there you are with your hyena laugh again."

"I can't help it. 'His ill luck likely to change!' Well, that *is* a good one. Oh dear, oh dear!"

"I hope the things from Darwin's have arrived," said Allardyce, gravely.

"I've seen 'em, my dear fellow. There's a great packet, with *From Darwin's* painted on it, lying in the corner of the smoking-room. That's what put me in such high feather at dinner-time. What a pity Swansdale is entailed! it would be rather a nice place to come down to for the summer months, and to have painted on one's cards, *Paul Jones, Esquire, the Albany, and Swansdale Hall.*"

"And what's to be painted on *my* cards?" asked Allardyce, with sudden ferocity.

"Whatever you please, my dear fellow. We go share and share alike to the last penny, trust me for that."

"We shall certainly go share and share alike," was the dry reply; "as for trusting you—well, yes, I trust you, for you know that if you played me false, Paul, I'd kill you like a dog.—See, there's the boat come back again with Tyndall and his young woman. Well, I suppose he'll have had enough of spooning by this time, and be ready for business. In my opinion, he should be bled freely without delay or stint: he's just the sort of fool to be sweet upon his wife and nose-led; and it is just possible that after marriage there may be—"

"A son and heir," interrupted Paul. "Yes, he may become careful for his son's sake."

"Not he. A gambler is never restrained by a far-off contingency. But when he is married, it is possible there may be—what it is now so fashionable to dispense with on such occasions—No Cards."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A quaint old gentleman, of an active, stirring disposition, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Jones," said he, "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," replied Jones. "Then," said the old boy, "you must have met him, for you never could overtake him."

What is that which makes every person sick but those who swallow it?—Flattery.

"What countryman are you?" inquired an English nobleman of a vagrant. "An Irishman, please your honor." His lordship asked, "Were you ever at sea?" "Come, your honor," answered Paddy, "d'ye think I crossed from Dublin in a wheelbarrow?"

Dwarfs never live *long*, if they do become aged.

A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew very weary of his conversation, and at last whispered, in an audible key, "Didn't he bring his amen with him, mamma?"

A man who bites off another man's nose takes a prominent part in the fight.

A merchant is an obliging man; he always keeps something in store for his friends, and takes them in occasionally.

When is a cat like a tea-pot?—When your tea's in it.

A bright little girl, having been desired to write a sentence introducing the word "carrion," presented the following to her teacher: "Bad children often carri-on in church when they ought to be quiet."

A lady of Boston, seeing among the religious notices that a certain clergyman would preach "D. V.," said at once that she would go and hear him, presuming as she did that the subject of the discourse was "Dolly Vardens."

"Mamma," said a delicate little boy, "I'm afraid a fever would go hard with me." "Why, my son?" "'Cause I'm so small, it wouldn't have room to turn."

Nervous Old Lady (*to deck hand on steamboat*). "Mr. Steamboat-man, is there any fear of danger?"

Deck Hand (*carelessly*). "Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger."

The grandma of a little four-year-old had been telling her one day not to say that people lied, but rather that they were mistaken. Her grandma, to amuse her, told her a bear story, which was a tough one to believe. After she had finished, the little girl looked up into her face, and exclaimed, "Grandma, that is the biggest mistaken I ever heard."

Favorite Airs of Mammas with Marriageable Daughters—Millionaires.

A man a hundred years old went to have a pair of shoes made. The shop-keeper suggested that he might not live to wear them out, when the old man retorted that he commenced this one hundred years a good deal stronger than he did the last one.

When a man makes eyes at you, can he be charged with egotism?

Natural Accompaniments of a Train of Sentiment—Heart-brakes.

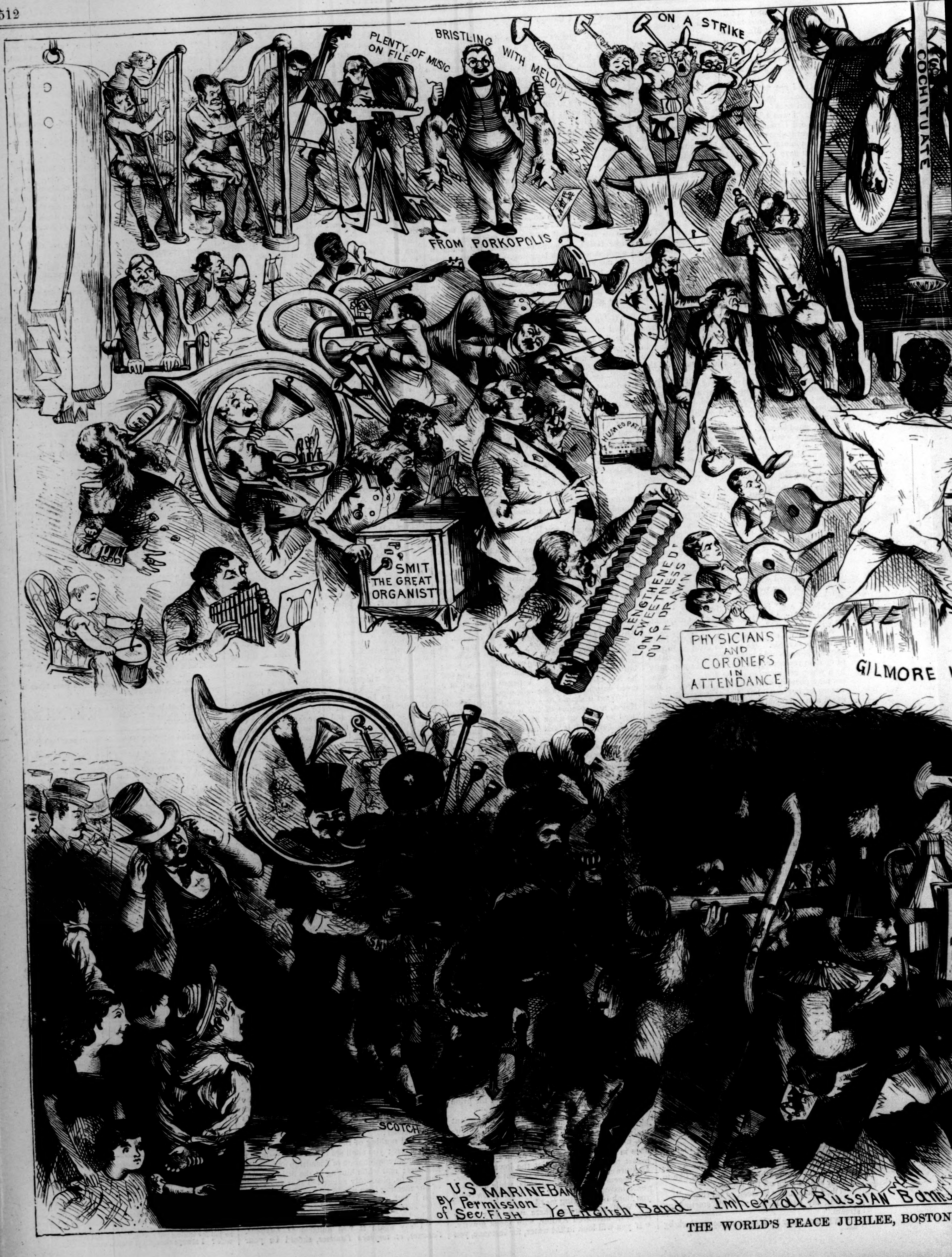
A Scotch peasant girl, who, on arriving for the first time at the turnpike-gate nearest Glasgow, knocked and inquired, "Is this Glasgow?" and being answered in the affirmative, asked, "Is Peggy in?"

"Can you tell me how old the devil is?" asked an irreverent fellow of a clergyman. "My friend, you must keep your own family record," was the reply.

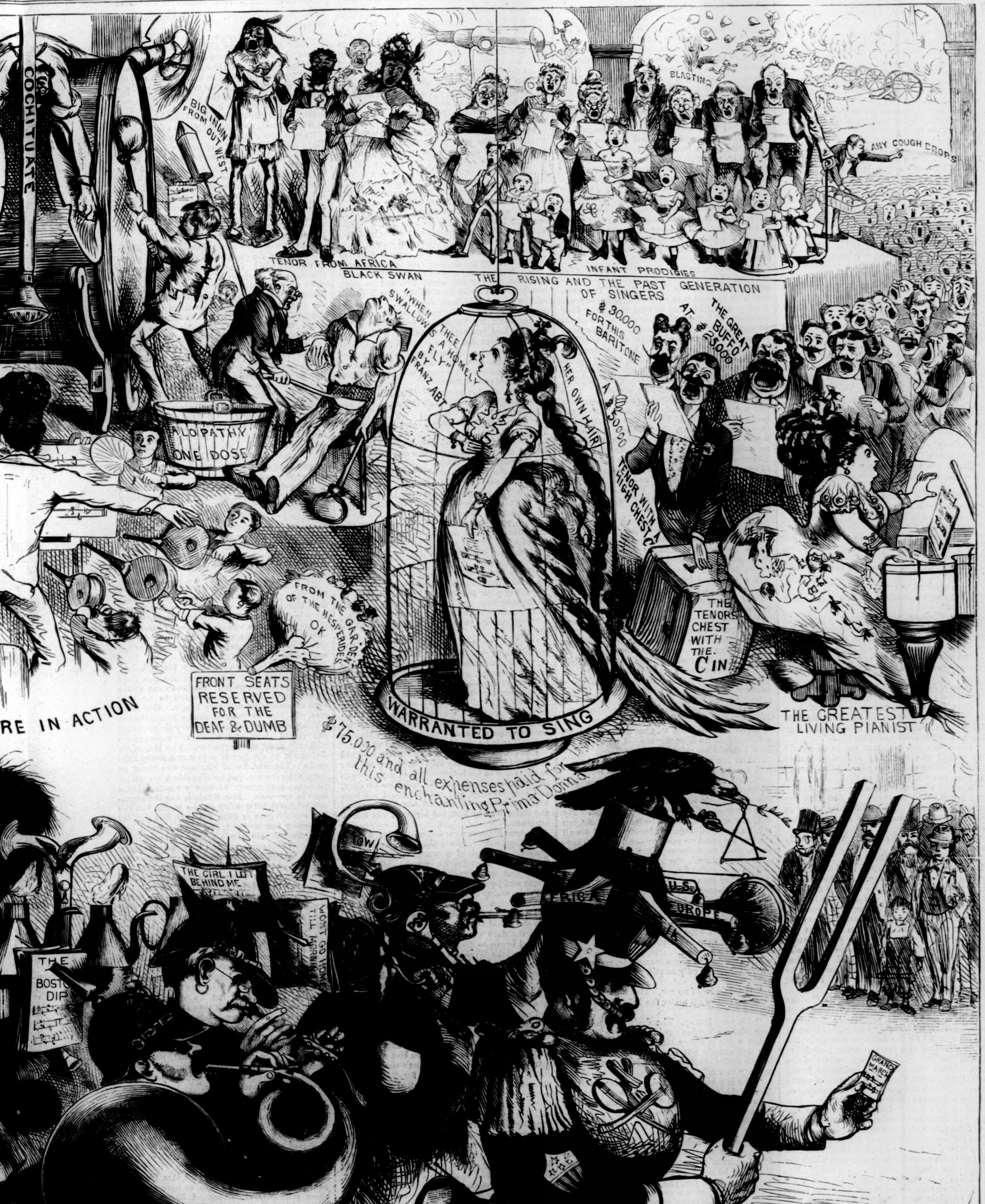
Why was Noah never hungry?—Because he had Ham with him.

When Jonah's fellow-passengers pitched him overboard, they evidently regarded him as neither prophet nor loss.

The other day a well-known citizen went to a dentist, accompanied by a friend, to have a tooth extracted. His power of endurance not being of the strongest character, he took ether. After the operation was performed, and he was beginning to regain consciousness, he asked his friend, "Where am I?" "You're in jail for killing your wife." "In jail for killing my wife? I always thought it would come to that."


PLENTY OF MUSIC ON FILE
BRISTLING WITH MELODY
ON A STRIKE
COCHITUATE
FROM PORKOPOLIS
HUMEOPATH
SMIT THE GREAT ORGANIST
LENGTHENED SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT
PHYSICIANS AND CORONERS IN ATTENDANCE
ICE
GILMORE
SCOTCH
U.S MARINE BAN
BY Permission of Sec. FISH
Ye English Band
Imperial Russian Ban

THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE, BOSTON


COCHITUATE
BIG INJUN FROM OUT WEST
TENOR FROM AFRICA
BLACK SWAN
BLASTING
ANY COUGH DROPS
INFANT PRODIGIES
THE RISING AND THE PAST GENERATION OF SINGERS
ALOPATHY ONE DOSE
"WHEN SWALLOWS THEE IS A HOMELY FLY" BY FRANZ ABT
HER OWN HAIR
$30,000 FOR THIS BARITONE
THE GREAT BUFFO AT $25,000
A $50,000 TENOR WITH A HIGH CHEST C
THE TENORS CHEST WITH THE C IN
FROM THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES OK
FRONT SEATS RESERVED FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
RE IN ACTION
WARRANTED TO SING
$75,000 and all expenses paid for this enchanting Prima Donna
THE GREATEST LIVING PIANIST
TOW
THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME
WONT GO HOME TILL MORNING
THE BOSTON DIP
AFRICA
U.S.
EUROPE
IA
US
GRAND MARCH
KAISER FRANZ GRENADIER BAND
GILMORE'S
PARADE
Tho Worth

TON, JUNE, 1872.—[Drawn by Thomas Worth.]

INVALIDED.

Ah! to be able to rise,
  And leave the wearisome room,
And be out once more under sunny skies,
  Away from this dull, close gloom!

I dream of lying at ease
  Among the fern and the grass,
And looking up through the long-branched trees,
  Watching the small clouds pass.

I pull the blossoms that grow
  In the soft moss under my hand,
And welcome the health-giving winds that blow,
  Cooling the summer land.

And ah! it is all so bright,
  And the happiness is so great
But the dream in a moment has taken flight,
  And I turn with a sigh—to wait.

HE OR SHE?

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

"This, then, is your last word, Corinna. Your mind is made up? You will not yield?"

"Will not yield! *I* not yield! It is you, Jacob, who will not yield. I have done all a woman ought to do. I can not prostrate myself. I can't degrade my whole sex, and I never will; and you are a cruel creature—and I hate you!"

"What I have asked of you is only the smallest concession, not to me, but to your duty—my duty—the common proprieties of life. Will you give up that Woman's Club?"

"Never!"

"Will you promise to obey me if—if—"

"If you are condescending enough to marry me, I suppose? No, Sir, never. I am your equal, not your slave. I don't endeavor to bind *you* down by any pledge."

"Because I am a man."

"Oh, indeed! Very well, then, because I am a woman I'll not be bound. No, Jacob, never!"

"Corinna, you know how earnestly I feel on these questions."

"Jacob, you know—at least you might know and ought to know—how earnestly I feel on them."

"With me it is a sacred principle."

"Stuff! So it is with me."

"I have read in the Bible—"

"Yes, and so have I."

"This attempt of woman to put herself out of her place is fraught with the most appalling consequences to society."

"The servitude of woman has been the bane of society."

"I am resolved to protest against it."

"I, for one, am resolved to show that I won't endure it!"

"Then, Corinna, must we part?"

"I don't know; it is all your doing if we must." (There are tremulous movements of lips, and eyes begin to fill with tears.)

"Dearest Corinna, how can you allow us to part thus—we who have loved and been engaged so long?"

"I don't, Jacob—I don't want to. I do all I can to avoid it; but you are cruel and hard."

"Only say, dearest, that you will withdraw from that foolish society; only give me one little word of promise that you will recognize the lawful and sacred authority of a husband."

"Jacob, can you not trust me as an equal? Why should you uphold a system of odious tyranny? Why would you have a bond-slave?"

"Then you will not give up?"

"Never. I feel that I can not."

"Enough, Miss Masters! I find that my words are useless. It would be idle to try to prolong an engagement which could only end in unhappiness."

"Very well, Mr. Thurstone. We must only part."

"We must, indeed. Good-by."

He made a step toward her, as if to take her hand; but she turned away. He thought her attitude was one of deliberate coldness and contempt, and he reddened, and abruptly left the room. She had only turned her head from him to hide the tears that were streaming from her eyes; for she would not let him see that she could be weak enough to betray any womanly emotion. When she found that he had really left her she gave full way to her grief. For him, he hurried home, praying in his heart that he might not meet any one he knew: he could hardly speak with emotion.

These quarreling lovers were Miss Corinna Masters and the Rev. Jacob Thurstone, both living in a pretty little progressive American "city," as it called itself—"village," as it would have been called by the heedless stranger. Jacob was one of the most popular preachers; Corinna was one of the literary leaders of the place. Jacob was a tall and handsome young man; Corinna was a *petite* and beautiful young woman. They had been engaged for some time, and were devoted lovers—until lately. Mr. Thurstone had been finishing his studies in Europe, and when he came back he found Corinna one of the principal supporters of a local organization for the maintenance or conquest of woman's proper place as the equal of man. Corinna was full of the magnificent new theory, which she regarded as another religion. Unluckily, Mr. Thurstone was strongly convinced that there could be no safety for society if once the patriarchal principle were departed from which proclaimed the man to be lord and master of each household. He was resolved to preach with all his energy against the revolutionary doctrines. Hence the quarrel and the scene we have described.

In a few hours the news went all round the city of Acropolis (for by such classic name had the inhabitants chosen to designate a pretty little rural village built on a smiling plain without a hint of an elevation any where in sight) that the engagement between Corinna Masters and Jacob Thurstone was at an end. Nor was the cause of the quarrel any secret.

Miss Theodosia Lemon rushed at once to congratulate her dearest friend Corinna on the heroic stand she had made for principle and the cause. Miss Lemon was a tall, stately, handsome young woman—a very power in the Woman's Club. She had been a delegate from the club to the State Convention, and her eloquence there had rivaled Phœbe Cozzens's, and positively astonished Mrs. Livermore. Miss Lemon embraced Corinna, and so praised her that the girl felt quite like a heroine and martyr. It was consoling, although there was a dash of pain in the reflection, that Miss Lemon herself was about to be married next week to a charming man who adored her, and who was ready to swear to every point of any and every feminine charter to please her. He was a good-looking, mild-mannered man, with blue eyes, fair hair, and gentle tones. He had written a treatise on moral æsthetics, and he always proclaimed in his calm, sweet way that woman was nature's last word and highest law.

"You will come and see us immediately after we return from our wedding-trip," cried the impetuous and generous Theodosia. "You must stay with us three months—six months—a year! How you will like my dearest Marcus! How his views will delight you! how they will strengthen you in your noble resolution! Ah, my dear, you are one of the true heroines of our sex!"

Corinna kept feeling like a heroine even after her friend had gone. She found herself repeating some lines from Mrs. Browning about the sad thing it is for a woman to sit by a lonely fire, and hear the nations praising her afar. Then she reflected that probably as yet the nations afar had not taken to praising her. She could not help feeling despite of herself that obscure martyrdom is very trying. She thought how happy it was for Theodosia Lemon, who had to make no sacrifice; and she wondered whether Jacob Thurstone would really not write to her or come to see her; whether he actually meant not to give in, but to keep to his resolve. If he did, how dreadful it would be! For she would not, and could not, renounce her resolution. No, not for the best man that ever lived!

Mr. Thurstone, too, had his visit of congratulation. The Rev. Oscar Swallow called to give him a word of commendation. Oscar Swallow was a minister of a different denomination, an able, energetic, powerful man, built like a blacksmith, and with the voice of a Boanerges. He had a cultivated intellect and a kindly heart. He was ten years older than Thurstone, and, by an odd coincidence, he too was just on the eve of marriage.

"My dear Thurstone, I can't tell you how deeply I sympathize with you, and how entirely I approve of the course you have taken. I tell you this uprising of women, this breaking out of woman from her proper sphere, is the anomaly and the curse of our time and our country. It just is, Sir. It is the bounden duty of every minister of religion to protest against it and preach against it."

"I think so," said poor Jacob, firmly but rather ruefully.

"You have testified to your faith, as I hope we should all do if need were. I hope and believe I should have done the same."

"You are more fortunate, and don't need," said Jacob; and a pang went through him.

"No, I don't need—that's so. My Emily is all sweetness and devotion. Dear little thing! she understands and maintains that a woman's true honor and dignity are in submission. My will, of course, will always be her law. As you say, I am indeed singularly blessed, and I am all the more grieved on your account. But, Thurstone, don't misunderstand me. If Emily were otherwise disposed, she would have to bow her will to my authority. I would sacrifice any thing rather than acknowledge or tolerate doctrines which tend to the unsexing of woman, and the placing her in a position above her husband's lawful authority and ordination. Yes, I would even rather give Emily up and do as you have done. Only I hope and believe that in the end you will not have to sacrifice any thing."

Thurstone groaned.

"No, no; she'll prove reasonable, you may be sure. I'll send Emily to talk to her about woman's duty."

"It would be of no use," Thurstone said, sadly, "she's so much under the influence of Theodosia Lemon."

"Ah, yes; just so. Theodosia Lemon! And poor Marcus Verdon's going to marry that girl. What a life is before him! Well, how a man can deliberately put himself for his whole existence under absolute petticoat government is a mystery to me."

"She is a kindly hearted, impulsive woman," Jacob said, trying to talk composedly; "but I wish she hadn't infected Corinna with her dangerous and lamentable doctrines."

"Oh, she's a perfect tornado. Poor Marcus! How I pity him! But he is a quiet fellow by nature, and he'll submit. I tell you what, Thurstone, these are dangerous times: the whole foundations of a virtuous society are endangered if women be not kept in their proper place. I honor and thank you, and I hope to see you happy before long with a good and devoted wife—when Corinna Masters returns to her senses."

Mr. Thurstone really had made a heavy sacrifice. He loved Corinna dearly; had loved her and mentally associated her with all his fortunes, prospects, and hopes for years. He had thought that she loved him, and looked up to him sufficiently to be guided by his advice and his authority. It was a bitter pain, a stunning shock to him, when he found that she would not yield. But he saw no possible good in a marriage under such circumstances; and so he doomed himself, if it must be, to solitude and suffering.

Next Sunday he preached to a specially full congregation. Corinna sat with her mother in her accustomed place. Miss Masters looked pale, but very resolute. She was quite resolved to go through with it. No one should say that she was weak enough to absent herself from duty for a single day because of her wounded feelings. No, if *he* could stand and preach, she could sit and listen. "What man dare, *I* dare," she might have said.

Mr. Thurstone took for his text the words of Paul, "For the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man; neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man." On this text he preached a very powerful sermon, to which Miss Corinna listened with kindling eyes, but without movement. "He has determined to insult me in the face of all the people," she thought to herself; "but he shall see that his words have no longer any weight with me. Why can none of us women be allowed to answer him? The time will come."

Theodosia Lemon, who was present with her *fiancé*, had not patience to wait for the coming time. She actually got up from her pew, gathered her rustling silk about her, and in slow, stately motion walked out of the church in the middle of the preacher's discourse. From the corner of her eye she flashed an electric command to her lover, Mr. Verdon, to follow her. Perhaps he had not seen or understood the command; perhaps he was too timid to walk out of church during the sermon, even when preceded and encouraged by his Theodosia. Anyhow he remained in his place, with æsthetic eyes mildly fixed on the floor.

"What a noble sermon!" Mrs. Meeker said to her daughters, as they walked home. "It was too splendid for any thing."

"Indeed it was, mamma," said her daughter Lucy.

Her daughter Rachel only tossed her head. Rachel had been to more than one meeting of the Woman's Club.

"Did you see how rudely Theodosia Lemon behaved?" the elder lady went on.

"Oh yes, mamma," answered Lucy; "and did you observe Corinna Masters? How angry she looked! I never liked her."

"He preached at her, my love. Every one knew that. Oh, she deserves it all. How splendid of him! What a noble self-sacrifice! He reminded me sometimes of Junius Brutus condemning his wife."

"Only Brutus didn't condemn his wife, mamma," Miss Rachel observed, sarcastically.

"I beg your pardon, Rachel. I read it in Shakspeare long ago. He condemned his wife, Portia, and thrust a dagger into her lower limb."

"Oh, mamma, what a mess you are making of it!"

"I think, mamma," said Lucy, mildly, "you are mistaking one Brutus for another."

"Well, Lucy, that has nothing to do with the present question, anyhow. I think Mr. Thurstone acted a noble part, and I only hope Corinna Masters may not live to repent of her folly."

"And so do I," said Lucy, with a quiet sigh, as she thought how very handsome Mr. Thurstone was, and how gladly she would accept his doctrine about woman's place in the Christian home, if only he would offer the place to her.

But Jacob Thurstone walked home very sad and lonely, without any idea of offering the now vacant place in his home system of the future to any woman. He thought he had done his duty, and only his duty, and that he could not have acted otherwise. He would not have recalled any thing done by him, but his heart was full of bitterness.

Corinna Masters went out of the church calmly and proudly. She talked with several acquaintances, received encouraging compliments from some women friends, interchanged pleasant words with some gentlemen, smiled and looked bright and joyous, and went home and cried herself sick, nearly frightening her good mother out of her reason. But Corinna felt that she too had a duty to do. She "knew she was right," and she would not give way.

So the days went on, and the talk about this quarrel began to die away. Corinna was still a heroine at the Woman's Club, but other heroines too were coming up, and differences of opinion were arising. A slight quarrel took place about the propriety of inviting from New York an eloquent lady who presented herself as a champion of woman's freedom, but whose domestic affairs had unluckily been engaging the attention of the divorce courts rather lately. Corinna did not admire the lady, and objected to her being invited, but was overruled, and grew angry. Then a difference took place as to the best method of agitating the question of woman's share in politics. Theodosia Lemon was for "running" a woman as President of the United States right away. Corinna thought this was going rather fast. She thought, too, that her own heroic self-sacrifice ought to have entitled her views to great consideration; but she found that no such effect was produced, and she was disappointed. Indeed, a good-natured young lady, a particular friend of hers, told her that another young lady was going about every where whispering that Corinna had made no sacrifice at all, but that Mr. Thurstone had simply backed out of his engagement for reasons entirely unconnected with the existence of the Woman's Club. Corinna felt bitterly the vulgar malignity of this story. She went home and cried ever so much, and began to doubt whether she really had in her the genuine stuff of a heroine.

To distract her attention, her mother sent her on a visit to Boston. In the mean time Theodosia Lemon got married and went on her wedding-trip with her devoted Verdon; and thus the Woman's Club lost at once, for the time, two of its brightest ornaments. It nevertheless went on and prospered.

Corinna did not return to Acropolis for three months; and when she did return there it was, first of all, to pay the promised visit to Theodosia, now Mrs. Verdon. She found her old friend very happy and busy, devoted to her husband and intensely domestic. For two or three days there was no mention made of the Woman's Club. At last Corinna asked how it prospered. Theodosia looked a little embarrassed, then laughed, glanced at her husband, and said she didn't know.

"Don't know, Theodosia? Don't you go there? Have you given it up?" our heroine asked.

"Oh no, dear, not exactly. I haven't given it up, you know, but I don't seem to have time to go there. Marcus likes me to stay with him of evenings. Of course I subscribe, and all that; but I haven't been there this ever so long."

"But sha'n't we go, you and I, one evening?"

"Why, certainly, Corinna, if you like. Oh yes, of course. I dare say Marcus will allow me, if you wish it very much."

Marcus will allow me! Was this really Theodosia Lemon, the once proud champion of woman's superiority? (Corinna never went any farther than the assertion of equality, but nothing short of superiority and supremacy would have contented Theodosia in her palmy days.) Had she thus really sunk into the slave, the willing slave, of a man, and even of a small, mild man? Alas! it was even so. Theodosia, to oblige Corinna, did actually ask her husband whether she might go to the Woman's Club one night, and he refused his permission!—not gruffly, but very sweetly. He put it gently on the ground that he really could not endure a whole evening without her society. She was his guardian angel, he said, with an apologetic glance at Corinna; he should only go astray if she left him for an evening. Corinna spoke up for woman's freedom, and Theodosia said a word or two. But he tenderly pressed his wife's hand, and only answered, "No, darling, I can't let you go." And—only think of it!—the infatuated woman stooped over him and kissed him! The fond slave hugged her chains!

"Theodosia," said Corinna, when they were alone a few minutes after, "I am positively ashamed of you."

"Are you, dear? Well, I suppose so; but then, you know, you're not married, and you don't understand things. Of course I would do as I liked, if I liked it. But he's such a dear fellow, and he's so fond of me, and I am so fond of him! Only wait, Corinna, until you are married."

Ah, who had urged and encouraged Corinna into the resolve not to be married to the only man she ever loved or could love? Corinna made her visit shorter than she had intended. To do her justice, she was glad to see Theodosia so very happy but she still mourned over the desertion of principle, and she thought sadly of her own loveless and lonely existence.

The Rev. Oscar Swallow and his wife had been for some little time settled down to their life of married happiness. Corinna went to see them often. They, too, appeared to be very fond of each other and very happy. But there was one fact in their domestic arrangements which Corinna discovered the very first evening she visited there, and which every successive visit only made more apparent. The Herculean divine sat at the feet of a tiny and pretty Omphale. The Rev. Oscar Swallow was under as complete, absolute, and comfortable a system of petticoat government as ever yet compelled a hero to succumb. Mrs. Swallow was the prettiest, brightest little thing in the world, but she had calmly gone in from the very first day for governing her husband, and she governed him accordingly. He didn't appear to know it, so cleverly was it managed, and he seemed perfectly happy, and talked as loudly as ever of the supremacy of man. But there he was, an obvious, unconscious captive, under the absolute control and beneficent despotism of his wife.

Corinna, in her isolation, was growing rather cynical lately, and these things amused her. But she liked the Reverend Oscar and his wife immensely.

One evening that she visited them she came in for a little shock, for she had hardly been with them many minutes when the Rev. Jacob Thurstone entered.

Corinna and he had not met for months—it seemed years to her. His face was pale, she thought, and wasted, but he spoke cheerily. There was no reason why they should not meet like friends, and they comported themselves, therefore, as friends might do. But her cheek burned when first her eyes met his, and her hand trembled when she held it out to him. Their eyes only met for one instant, yet I think each had known in that moment that though parted, and even if to be forever parted, yet "never either found another."

Some general conversation set in, and among other topics they talked of Theodosia Verdon and her marvelous conversion. Mr. Swallow made very merry about it, and was especially amused by the fact that, after all, Theodosia still professed her old principles, and would not hear a word said against the Woman's Club or woman's supremacy.

"I don't like that," interposed Mrs. Swallow, gently. "I think she ought to have given up those principles altogether. I like a married woman to set the example of freely acknowledging her submission to her husband's authority—Oh, that reminds me, Oscar dear: Mrs. Meeker has been here to ask me if you won't give a lecture this season for the Mutual Improvement Society, of which her brother is president—the society in Herculaneum" (a neighboring town), "you know."

"Yes, my love—well?"

"Well, you know, of course I told her that you wouldn't do any thing of the kind. Twelve miles of a cold ride, and your chest not so well, and a place that doesn't show any spirit in helping itself. Oh no!"

"But, my dear, you know I have given them a lecture every season for some years."

"Yes, love; but I told her we couldn't do it any more. Oh no! I settled all that."

Mr. Swallow said no more; but, for the life of them, Corinna and Mr. Thurstone could not help exchanging glances full of humor, and then both became confused and looked a little abashed.

It grew late, and there was no reason why Mr. Thurstone should not offer to see Miss Masters home. They came out together under the soft skies and bright stars of early autumn. Their way lay along a pretty road bordered with trees, among which the katydids throbbed their little clangorous music.

Jacob offered his arm, and he felt that Corinna's hand trembled on it. For a while they walked on in silence, and she could hear the beating of her own heart. At last he said,

"Corinna!"

She answered, "Jacob!"

"I think I have found that a woman may be an opponent of the Woman's Club and yet a little tyrant!"

"And I have found that another may be a member of that club and yet a great slave."

They both laughed openly. The way was becoming clear.

"Have we not both been rather foolish, Corinna?"

"I think we have, Jacob."

"I can not be happy without you, Corinna."

"Oh, Jacob, I have been so miserable without you!"

They parted lovingly at the door of Corinna's home, and Acropolis knew next day that Miss Masters and Mr. Thurstone were to be married after all.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Coast Survey has received advices from Mr. **William H. Dall** as late as May 5. At that time he was at Iliuliuk, Oonalaska, the head-quarters of his explorations. He has been diligently engaged through the winter in carrying out the objects of his mission connected with the geography and hydrography of the Aleutian Islands, as well as the weather would permit, a constant succession of storms of extreme violence having interfered greatly with his work. The lowest temperature recorded by him during the past winter was 13°, the average from October to March being 33°. Mr. **Dall** has devoted such time as he could spare while detained in port to making collections of natural history specimens, and has obtained quite a number of forms, some of which he considers new to science.

According to a late Paris paper, the Natural History Museum of that city has added to its collection an extraordinary skeleton, supposed to be the remains of a cave inhabitant. This is five feet eight inches in height, the arms being of immense length. The chest bones are enormous; and the skull, which suddenly recedes from the root of the nose, leaves scarcely any forehead visible, while the back of the head is large and perfectly square. It is possible that this paragraph refers to the skeleton the discovery of which at Laugerie-Basse was lately announced to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. This was obtained in carrying on excavations at a great depth in one of the caves inhabited by the human race during the reindeer period.

At a meeting of the Anthropological Institute a paper by Dr. **Rink** "On the Descent of the Esquimaux" was presented to the society. In this the author attempts to show from traditional and historical evidence that this race is thoroughly American, and not Asiatic, in its origin, as some ethnologists have maintained.

Late Chilian papers announce the discovery of important mines of coal in that country, especially along the Gulf of Arauco, near the mouth of the Carampangue River. According to an official report, one of these veins is five feet thick, and is estimated to contain four million tons of coal.

Mr. N. **von Maclay**, who, as our readers have been informed, is in charge of a Russian scientific exploration of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, reports to the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg that on the passage of the *Witjas* from the Cape de Verde Islands to Rio he made an experiment, on the 3d of February, for the purpose of determining the temperature of the sea at a depth of 1000 fathoms in the region of calms, about 3° north latitude and 24° west longitude. The temperature of the water at this depth was 38.30° F., that of the surface water being 81.68° F. It is interesting to compare this with the temperature obtained during the past winter by the Coast Survey steamer *Bache*, at about the same depth, in the deep water between Cuba and Yucatan, in the latter case the temperature amounting to about 39.50° F.

The inhabitants of Paris were quite lately exercised by the occurrence of an immense number of small flies, which they supposed must have resulted from the development of these insects in the bodies of persons slain in the recent war. The subject having been referred to the Academy of Sciences, however, it was soon ascertained that the insects in question, although dipterous, belonged to the *Tipula* group, feeding exclusively upon vegetable matter; and that their abundance in the present instance was a well-known incident in the history of the insect world—of great abundance in one season and rarity in another, without any possibility of a satisfactory explanation of the difference.

Ornithologists will regret to be informed of the death, at the age of sixty-four, of Mr. **George Robert Gray**, assistant keeper of the zoological department of the British Museum, and having especially in his charge the magnificent collection of birds. He was born in Chelsea in 1808, and at an early age manifested a taste for natural history, in the way of collections and scientific articles. The collection of birds in the British Museum, long under his care, has been familiar to naturalists throughout the world for years, especially on account of the numerous works prepared by him, and based upon these specimens.

In 1837 he began the publication of a work on the genera of birds, which was completed some years after, in three quarto volumes, and illustrated with numerous superb plates, and which is still a standard text-book. He was appointed to the British Museum in 1831, and has steadily labored there ever since. His last and perhaps his greatest work is what is entitled "A Hand-List of Birds," embraced in three volumes, the last of which appeared in 1871. This is intended to enumerate every known species, with references to the author and place of publication, as also the habitat, a difference in type indicating the species actually existing in the British Museum.

Mr. **George R. Gray** was a younger brother of Mr. **John Edward Gray**, who, though in feeble health for some years past, is still at the head of the zoölogical department of the British Museum.

The death of Mr. **Duhamel** took place at Paris on the 29th day of April last. This gentleman attained great eminence as a physicist, his investigations of the laws of acoustics, a theory of heat, and other researches having placed him in the first rank of European philosophers.

A proposition has been entertained to tunnel under the Strait of Canso, between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, where the strait is only two and a half miles wide, for the purpose of connecting the island of Cape Breton with the mainland. The cost is estimated at $2,500,000. This idea is connected with a proposition to run a line of steamers from Glasgow, or other British port, to Louisburg, the most easterly point of Cape Breton.

We announce the forth-coming publication of a work upon the birds of North America, by Dr. **Elliott Coues**, one of our most accomplished ornithologists. The plan of this manual is somewhat peculiar, in being prepared with special reference to use by persons entirely ignorant of the technicalities of the science. An analytical key is introduced, by which any one of ordinary intelligence can determine, in a comparatively little while, the genus of any North American bird, the labor of determining the species being much facilitated by the conciseness and simplicity of the descriptions. Figures are introduced of heads, bills, feet, etc., in considerable number, and the whole work is prefaced by the best account of the external anatomy of the birds in general, and the special peculiarities of the feathers, bones, etc., that has ever appeared in any American work. The work is well entitled "A Key to North American Birds," and will contain about 300 large octavo pages, with seven steel plates, and upward of 250 wood-cuts. It will be published by the American Naturalist Agency, at Salem, and we have no doubt will tend to render the study of North American birds even more popular than ever.

Since our last report of the movements of the steamer *Hassler* several communications have been received from gentlemen connected with the expedition, all bearing testimony to the zeal with which the operations of the party have been prosecuted. Under date of March 12 it was reported that, after leaving Montevideo, on the 20th of February, the dredging work was carried on with due diligence and with very interesting results, numerous radiates of great beauty, many of them undoubtedly of new species, being brought to light. Among the objects of particular interest were the floating stems of the giant kelp of the South Pacific, *Macrocystis*, which sometimes attains the length of 500 to 1000 feet, the stems being a foot in diameter, and resembling trees in magnitude.

The vessel entered the Straits of Magellan on the 13th of March, and passing through, arrived at Talcahuana, in Chili, on the 11th of April, where it was expected to remain several days for repairs and provisions. Professor and Mrs. **Agassiz** proposed to spend the interval in a visit to Santiago and Valparaiso, while Count **Pourtalès** and his assistants were to make a line of deep-sea soundings and dredgings from Talcahuana to the island of Juan Fernandez and back to Valparaiso.

An addition to the series of special works upon the natural history of particular regions is made by the appearance, in London, of the first part of a "History of the Birds of New Zealand," by W. L. **Buller**. The natural history of this country is extremely interesting, and that of the birds not the least so; and from the well-known ability of this gentleman to execute the task he proposes, we have every reason to expect a work of great merit. The birds of Australia have been illustrated by Mr. **Gould** in his usual magnificent style. The work of Mr. **Buller** will be of less extent, but will embrace colored illustrations of about one-half the species, which amount to nearly one hundred and fifty.

In an article upon the fisheries of Iceland and Newfoundland, by Mr. **William Stowe**, of Boston, a reference is made to the productiveness of this business in Massachusetts, as compared with France; and a table is quoted on the subject, giving the number of vessels employed and the value of the catch of the French fisheries of Iceland and Newfoundland in 1870. He finds that the average yield to each person employed in the French fisheries is $120; and states that the value of the products obtained by the inhabitants of Cape Ann from the sea, in 1871, amounted to $3,000,000, this requiring the industry of about 8000 men, including crews, merchants and assistants, coopers, teamsters, etc.; making an average, therefore, of about $375 to each hand, as compared with $120, as above stated.

The death of Rev. M. A. **Curtis**, of Hillsborough, North Carolina, which took place in April last, must be considered as among the most serious losses that natural history in the United States has experienced for some time. The attention of Mr. **Curtis** was directed especially to the fungi, although he was more or less familiar with all the plants of the Southern States. In his special department, however, he stood at the head of American botanists, occupying the position in this country of Mr. **Berkeley**, his correspondent, in England.

Mr. **Curtis** prepared the report upon the fungi collected by the United States exploring expeditions, and has contributed various articles to the literature of this science. Among other works nearly ready for the press was one upon the edible fungi of the United States, illustrated by figures and descriptions of some sixty species. The qualities of most of these he had personally tested by experiment, particularly during the late war, when the food question was for some time a matter of serious moment.

At a late meeting of the Royal Geographical Society Sir **Henry Rawlinson** made some allusion to the relationships between Dr. **Livingstone** and Mr. **Stanley**, of whom so much has been lately said in the newspapers. He expressed the opinion of the council in stating that they were ready to believe in the authenticity of the intelligence, as they had every reason to expect that Dr. **Livingstone** and Mr. **Stanley** would meet about the beginning of the year. But if there had been any discovery and relief, it was Dr. **Livingstone** who had acted the part of the good Samaritan toward Mr. **Stanley**, and not the contrary, as Dr. **Livingstone** had every thing about him that he wanted at Ujiji, while Mr. **Stanley** was absolutely destitute. They knew by the last accounts that Mr. **Stanley** was without supplies.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

During this charming June no more delightful excursion can be made than to our Central Park, in which New Yorkers may justly glory. The fresh summer verdure and blooming flowers are refreshing to city-wearied eyes; and cooling lakes and fountains, rustic arbors, bridges, summer-houses, and numerous devices for comfort and pleasure enliven the landscape. If you desire to enjoy yourself in a comparatively quiet and solitary way, take the early morning for your trip; but if you are a social being, you will find the scene most lively on a Saturday afternoon. The commons are then swarming with school-boys, who, with not a few "children of larger growth," are rejoicing in bats and balls; the Mall is thronged with well-dressed people; tents are erected around the sheltered stand whence sweet music will come forth in due time; the merry laughter of children is heard on every side, as they freely run about, or perchance take a ride in the pretty goat-carriages, or mount the awkward camel's back. The lake is a picture by itself; gayly painted boats glide over its surface, filled with passengers who are made quietly happy by the lovely scene spread before them; the graceful swan sails proudly through the water with her pretty cygnets, as if to exhibit the contrast between her family and the ducklings of whom Madam Duck is equally proud. If you have not a carriage of your own, you do not feel the need of it, for the Park carriages make frequent rounds of the drive, and for a trifle you can thus vary your amusement. Hundreds bring their little lunch baskets to the Park, but there are many places where good refreshment can be obtained: fresh milk at the Rustic Shelter and Dairy, soda and mineral waters at the Springs, and, in fact, almost any thing one desires. The beauties of Central Park can not be detailed in a paragraph, but there are abundant resources for continued enjoyment. If you are weary and care-burdened, a walk through the Park will bring rest; and the exquisite charm of the scenery, and the uniform good nature and joyousness of the crowds who saunter idly along, will react upon you and awaken new happiness and gladness in this beautiful world.

The Princess Pierre Bonaparte now presides over a London dress-making establishment. She is a tall, handsome woman, and has arranged her rooms with taste and elegance. Having adopted this business as a vocation, she has entered heartily into the spirit of it, and desires the custom of the poor as well as the rich. Among the few pictures which adorn the walls of her modest wareroom are full-length portraits of the parents of Napoleon I.

In Vienna the *furor* for Patti is fully equal to that with which she was received in Moscow and St. Petersburg. The prices paid are enormous. The Marquis de Caux, it is said, recently paid seven pounds for a box wherein to hear his own wife sing in "Rigoletto."

A foreign magazine contains a description of a dress, of which it says—whether sarcastically or otherwise the reader may decide—"With this costume the mouth is to be worn slightly open." When Fashion reaches the point of decreeing what must be done with the facial muscles, there can be little more left for that imperious dame to accomplish. We suppose that certain costumes will require a closed mouth and open eyes, considering the condition of New York streets, though it would be much more agreeable could the eyes also be closed. Garments of one style and color would naturally require a gay expression of countenance, others a subdued or grave aspect. Appropriate expressions of face should be specified with every new costume, so that the matter may be carefully studied up by the devotees of Fashion.

At a recent meeting of ministers in New England the question was discussed whether it would not be desirable to give members of congregations some active services in public worship. The only important objection made to this was the suggestion of a brother that it might break in upon the arrangements of some people who were like the woman he had heard of. Her minister was so much moved by the effort she made to come to church, particularly after so hard a week's work as she had done, that he warmly commended her interest in the services of the sanctuary. "Yes," she said, "it does seem real good to come to meetin', and set down and jest think of nothin'."

The olives cultivated in California are said to be far superior to those obtained from France or Spain. They are of moderate size, but plump, juicy, and full-flavored. Proprietors of olive orchards find it more profitable to make the fruit into oil than to pickle it. The machinery for pressing the oil is very simple, and usually stands under a shed in the orchard.

Manifestly the smartest old man in the world is one Frank Bradley, now living in Preston, Lancashire, England. He was born at Dumberg, Ireland, in 1776, and consequently is ninety-six years old. For fifty-four years he has followed the trade of a bricklayer, and he still works hard, thinking nothing of mounting a ladder and going up three or four stories high with a hodful of bricks on his shoulder. He has been married twice, and has been the father of fifteen sons and five daughters. Most of his sons have served in the British army. The old man is hale and hearty, has plenty of teeth and abundant hair, and looks likely to live for years.

In Brazil festivals always conclude with an illumination—by which the gas companies profit. At the recent reception given the Emperor at Rio Janeiro, on his return from his long visit to Europe, the little bill of the gas company amounted to $150,000.

The Society of Friends does not recognize or believe in the rite of baptism. Miss Sarah E. Smiley, who has been a member of that society for twenty years, and who has preached acceptably to many congregations, recently resigned her connection with the Friends, and was baptized in the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn. She does not, however, by receiving this rite, become a Baptist. She does not intend joining any other society, but desires fellowship with all Christian churches. Miss Smiley regarded this ceremony not as the beginning of her Christian life, but as the completion of her consecration to Christ.

A good story is told of Elder John Leland, as follows: He came one night to a public-house where he was acquainted, and where he proposed to pass the night. The landlord met him with a smiling countenance, and told him that, having built a new barn, he was nicely prepared to accommodate the clergy. "I have," said he, "a very good stable, with all the improvements, for Episcopal horses, and a comfortable sort of stable for Presbyterian horses, while I keep the old barn for Baptist horses; the feed is according to the style of the stable."

"Well," replied the elder, "every body knows that *I* am a Baptist, but *my horse* is an *Episcopalian*."

"Ladies," says *Temple Bar*, "who never step from their carriages save into a house or a shop carry a couple of yards of silky tail behind them. Under the circumstances it does not much matter, and occasionally it may look rather graceful than otherwise. But forthwith the ladies who must walk, because they can not afford to be always driving, imitate their carriage friends, and the pavement is swept by the skirt of the period. If it were only swept clean, that would be some consolation—though to think of all the dust and nameless dirt accumulated by those fair creatures in a morning's walk! But while half of it adheres to their petticoats, the other half is whisked into the air for the benefit of those who follow in their footsteps."

Farmers have been apprehensive that the grasshoppers which have already appeared in some sections will prove fatal to crops. It is said, however, that the species which come early in the spring are not the dangerous kind, and remain but a short time.

The elephant which was sold at auction from the Royal Menagerie in Edinburgh a short time ago was to be taken to Manchester by railway. But he did not fancy his quarters; he smashed up his car without ceremony, and took his journey on his own feet.

A gentleman was lately arrested and fined in Brookline, Massachusetts, for presuming to tie up some flowers in the front of his house on the Sabbath. The observance of Sunday must be peculiarly strict in Brookline. The criminal has appealed to the Superior Court.

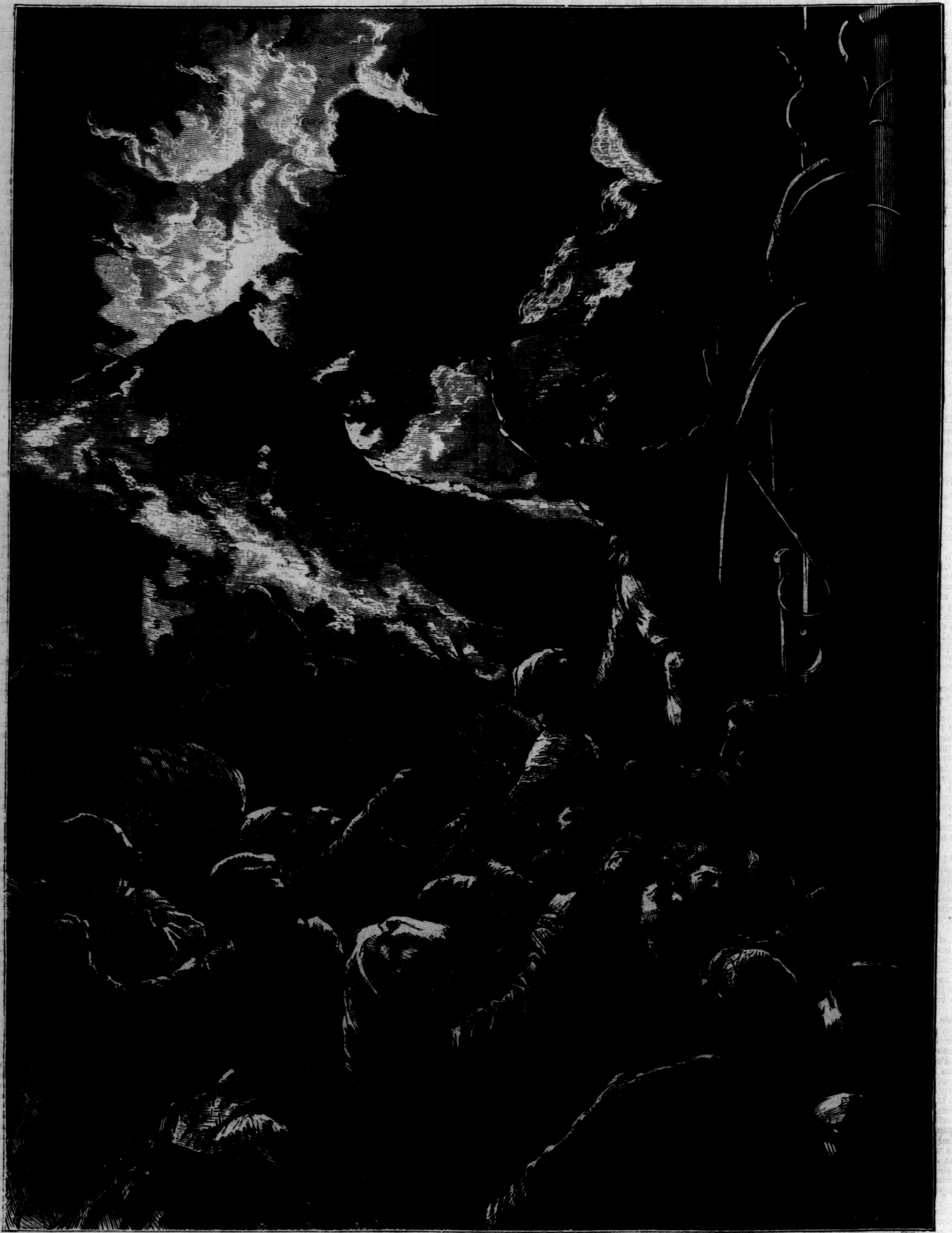
The New England Women's Club proposes to form a class for the special instruction of women in those branches required by our first-class colleges.

The rear platforms of the city cars are infested mornings and evenings by the most audacious of pickpockets. In the midst of crowds every person should be on his guard against such depredators. In particular are bank messengers exposed to their assaults, whatever may be the time of day. They are noticed on leaving banks, and followed.

A large part of the cannon captured in the late French war has been put to a singular use. The Emperor William has presented gratuitously to several parishes which have hitherto possessed no church-bells the requisite quantity of metal for the long-desired ornaments to the churches out of the French cannon in the Strasburg artillery dépôt. In this way not less than twenty parishes on the Rhine alone have been provided with bell-metal.

Torre del Greco is situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, and during the recent eruption, although the lava did not enter the city, ashes fell profusely, in some places to the depth of half a foot, and many houses were burned. A story is told of the eruption of 1862, as follows: The city being threatened with destruction, the people fled. About a mile above the centre of the town an immense crater opened, and a stream of lava a quarter of a mile wide began to pour down. Upon a little isolated elevation, in the very path of the lava, was the Convent della Madonna del Carmine. The crafty monks soon perceived that this hill would divide the destructive stream, and so save the convent and the city below. So they quietly remained and placed the image of the Virgin on the summit of their little mountain, its face turned toward the threatening lava, and kneeling down, they began to pray. When the burning torrent had arrived within about two hundred yards of them, it met the hill, which formed a barrier to its progress, and it divided into two currents, which, according to the laws of gravitation, took their course one on the left and the other on the right side. The convent and the city were saved, the monks proclaimed the miracle, and the blind believers brought them provisions, and gave the Madonna a garment of silver brocade enriched with precious stones, and a crown of diamonds.

A hundred years ago the judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts wore robes of scarlet faced with black velvet. Gentlemen of that day did not dress in the grave colors of the present time, but sported coats of every hue, and generally the cape or collar was of velvet of a different shade. At the receptions of Governor Hancock, in 1782, he wore a blue damask gown, lined with silk, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small-clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers. He also wore a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen, turned up over the edge of the velvet one a couple of inches.

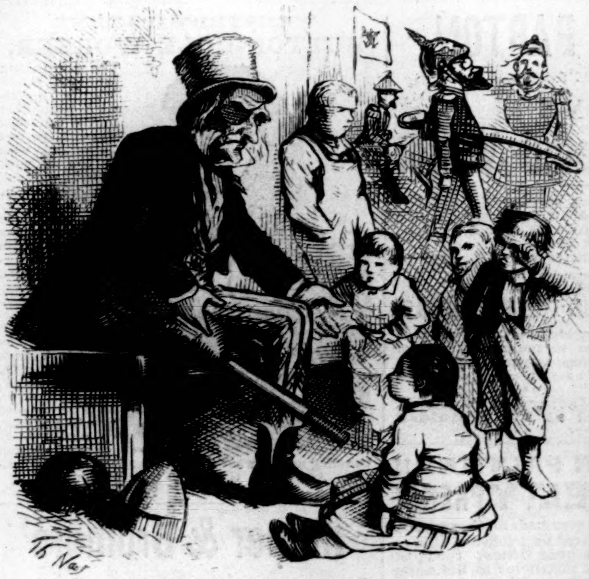


MOUNT VESUVIUS—THE NEAPOLITAN POPULACE ATTACKING THE STATUE OF SAN GENNARO.

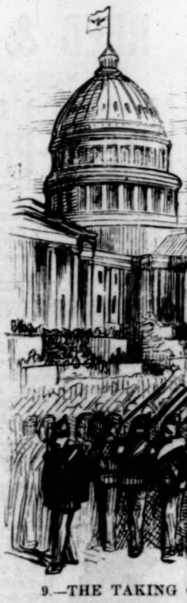
ATTACK ON SAN GENNARO.

The exact title given by the artist to this illustration is, "The Mob breaking the Hand and Crosier of San Gennaro for not stopping the Eruption." San Gennaro, as is well known, is the patron saint of Naples, and is supposed by the populace to control the chemical combinations which produce the terrible catastrophes such as that which we have lately witnessed. Sometimes, it would seem, his saintship neglects his duty, and then the people are obliged to take strong measures, and as they can not reach San Gennaro himself, they vent their rage on his statue. It is rather like a little child beating the table; but we must accept the Neapolitans with all their weaknesses; and, after all, there is something rather refreshing in the contemplation of this child-like confidence in an age when most of us have become so matter-of-fact and hard and skeptical. At any rate, it is not more absurd, and it is certainly less injurious, than the deference paid by thousands of silly folks in this country to the vaticinations of sporting prophets. According to Church traditions, San Gennaro (Januarius) was exposed to be devoured by lions in the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli; but the wild beasts refused to harm the holy man. This miracle is said to have converted so many to Christianity that the Proconsul of Campania ordered the saint to be beheaded. At the time of the execution a woman collected two bottlefuls of the blood, which immediately melted in the hands of St. Severus. These bottles were concealed or buried till the eleventh century, when the liquefaction recommenced. The ceremony, which is regarded as the greatest religious festival in the kingdom, has been so often described that it need not be further alluded to here. The two phials containing the blood are preserved in a tabernacle behind the high altar of the cathedral. The door of the right aisle opens upon the small Piazza di San Gennaro, in the centre of which stands the column erected in 1660, supporting a bronze statue of the saint. The column is in very questionable taste, and the statue has very slight pretensions as a work of art.

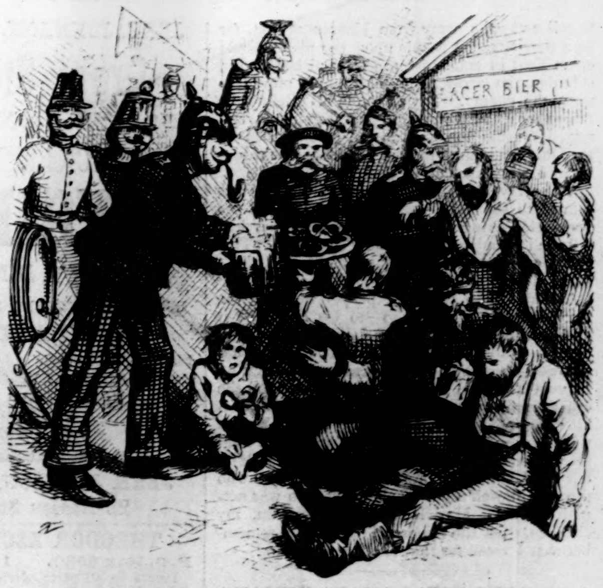
Similar exhibitions of childish anger when patron saints neglect their duty are witnessed in other countries where the people are as superstitious and ignorant as the Neapolitans. In Cuba, for example, almost every poor family has an image or picture of a patron saint, which no one ever passes without making the sign of the cross. As long as every thing goes well, the saint gets all the credit and is regarded with great favor; but when things go wrong, and prayers and supplications are of no avail, he is sometimes treated with great indignity and subjected to severe chastisement. Should he still prove obdurate, he is generally pitched out of the window, and another picture or image installed in his place.



1.—UNCLE SAM'S STORY.



9.—THE TAKING OF WASHINGTON.



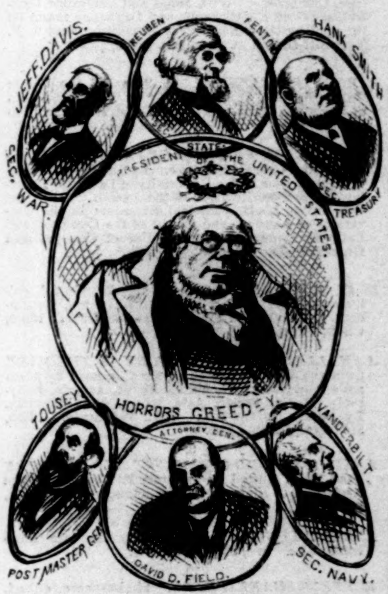
11.—LAGER AND BRETZELS FOR THE STARVING.

AMERICAN BATTLE OF DORKING;

OR, H. G. AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

By MAX ADELER.

You ask me to tell you, my children, of the events which immediately preceded the destruction of the once great American Union, and the capture of the country by its present European rulers, and to say something also of the cause which led to these deplorable results. I undertake the task with a heavy heart; for when I revert to that terrible time I can not help contrasting our proud condition up to that fatal year with the humiliating position occupied now by the American people. The story is a short one. In the fall of 1872 **Horace Greeley**, the editor of a newspaper in New York, was elected President of the United States. The people voted for him because they thought he was an honest man: and so he was. But he was also vain and weak, and he entertained certain fanatical and preposterous notions—about agricultural matters, for instance—which he was determined to force upon the people at all hazards and despite all opposition. He believed, among other things, that every man ought to go West to earn his bread; and long before he was chosen President he used to advise every body to move to that region as a cure for all the disasters that could befall the human family.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REUBEN FENTON
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HANK SMITH
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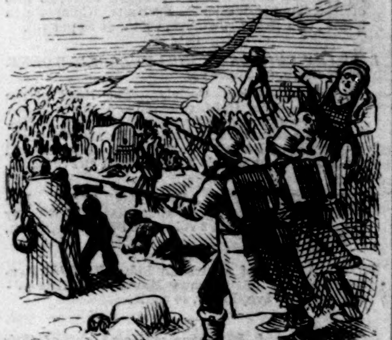
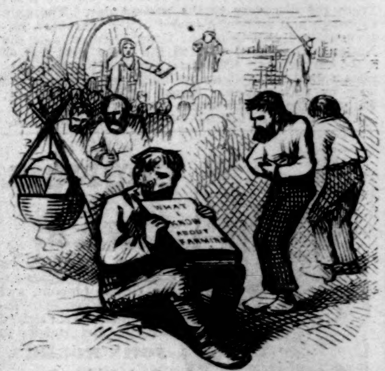
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
HORRORS GREEDEY.
TOUSEY
POST MASTER GEN
ATTORNEY GEN.
DAVID D. FIELD.
VANDERBILT.
SEC. NAVY.

2.—THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET.

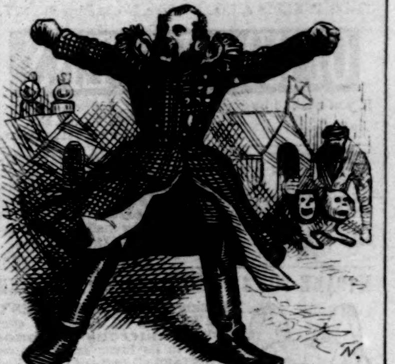
As soon as he reached the Executive Mansion, which we used to call the White House, President **Greeley** organized an army of two hundred thousand men, and proceeded to force the entire population of the sea-board States westward at the point of the bayonet. The utmost violence was used. Those who resisted were shot down, and their dead bodies were carted off to a national factory which the President had established for making some kind of fantastical fertilizer. All the large cities of the East were depopulated, and the towns were entirely empty. The army swept before it millions of men, women, and children, until the vast plains west of Kansas were reached, when the pursuit ceased, and the army was drawn up in a continuous line, with orders to shoot any person who attempted to visit the East. Of course hundreds of thousands of these poor creatures perished from starvation. This seemed to frighten President **Greeley**, and he sent a message to Congress recommending that seven hundred thousand volumes of a book of his, entitled "What I Know about Farming," should be voted for the relief of the starving sufferers. This was done, and farming implements and seeds were supplied, and then the millions of wretched outcasts made an effort to till the ground. Of the result of this I will speak further on



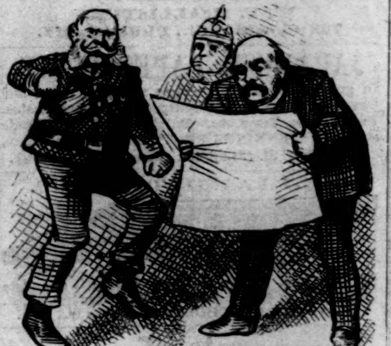
3.—"GO WEST" BY FORCE.


WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FARMING

4.—RELIEF (?) FOR THE STARVING SUFFERERS OUT WEST.

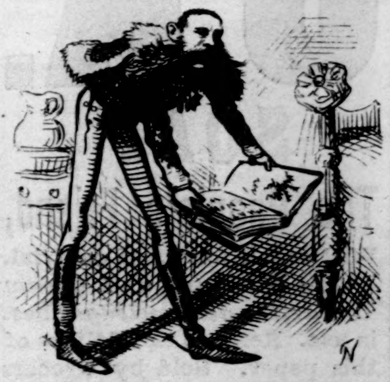


5.—THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.
"Let Loose the Dogs of War."

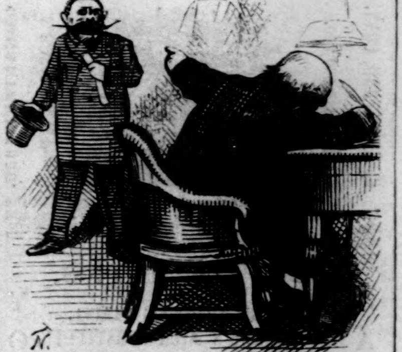


6.—WILLIAM AND BISMARCK.
"We Fights that Greedey."

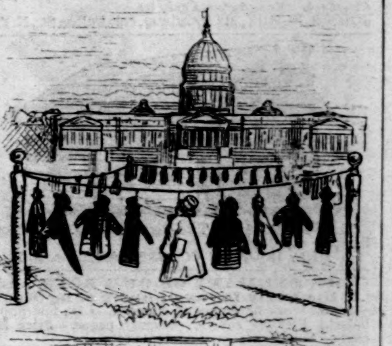
In the mean time the President was doing infinite harm to the country in another way. His handwriting was so fearfully and wonderfully bad that no living man could read it. And so, when he sent his first annual message to Congress—the document was devoted wholly to the tariff and agriculture—a sentence appeared which subsequently was ascertained to be, "Large cultivation of rutabagas and beans is the only hope of the American nation, I am sure." The printers, not being able to interpret this, put it in the following form, in which it went to the world: "The Czar of Russia couldn't keep clean if he washed himself with the whole Atlantic Ocean once a day!" This perversion of the message was immediately telegraphed to Russia by the Russian minister, and the Czar was so indignant that he immediately declared war. Just at this time President **Greeley** undertook to write some letters to Prince **Bismarck** upon the subject of potato rot, and, after giving his singular views at great length, he concluded with the statement that if the Emperor **William** said that subsoil plowing was not good in light soils, or that guano was better than bone dust, he was "a liar, a villain, and a slave!" Of course the Emperor also immediately declared war, and became an ally of Russia and of England, against which latter country Mr. **Greeley** had actually begun hostilities already, because the Queen in her speech from the throne had declared the *Tribune's* advocacy of a tariff on pig-iron incendiary and calculated to disturb the peace of nations.



7.—THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.
"I will show him What I Know about Fighting."

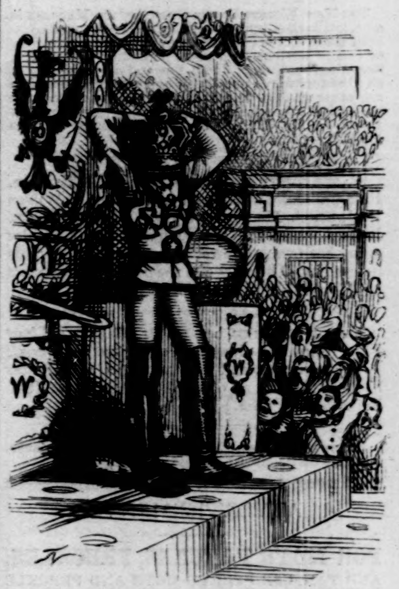


8.—THE FRENCH MINISTER.
H. G. "Go West."

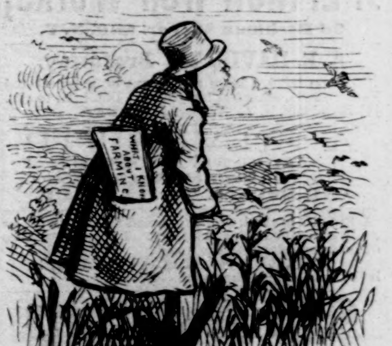


10.—"HUNG"—THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET.

Unhappily this was not the full measure of our disasters. The President had sent to the Emperor of Austria a copy of his book, "What I Know about Farming," with his autograph upon a fly-leaf. The Emperor mistook his signature for a caricature of the Austrian eagle, and he readily joined in the war against the United States; while France was provoked to the same act by the fact that when the French minister came to call upon Mr. **Greeley** to present his credentials, the President, who was writing an editorial at that time, not comprehending the French language, mistook the embassador for a beggar, and, without looking up, handed him a quarter and an order for a clean shirt, and said to him, "Go West, young man—go West!" So all these nations joined in making war upon the United States. They swooped down upon our coasts, and landed without opposition, for those exposed portions of our unhappy country were absolutely deserted. The President was afraid



12.—CROWNING OF PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.


WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FARMING

13.—THE ONLY THING HE WAS GOOD FOR.

to call away the army from Kansas at first, for fear the outraged people upon the plains would come East in spite of him. But at last he did summon the army to his aid, and it moved to meet the enemy. It was too late. Before the troops reached Cincinnati the foreigners had seized Washington and all the country east of the Ohio, and had hung the President, the cabinet, and every member of Congress.

The army disbanded in alarm, and the invaders moved to the far West, where they found the population dying of starvation because they had followed the advice of Greeley's book, to "Try, for your first crop, to raise limes; and don't plant more than a bushel of quicklime in a hill!" Of course these wretched people were at the mercy of the enemy, who—to his credit be it said—treated them kindly, fed them, and brought them back to their old homes. You know what followed—how Prince Frederick William of Prussia ascended the American throne, and the other humiliations that ensued. It was a fearful blow to republicanism—a blow from which it will never recover. It made us, who were freemen, a nation of slaves. It was all the result of our blind confidence in a misguided old man who thought himself a philosopher, but who was actually a fool. May Heaven preserve you, my children, from the remorse I feel when I remember that I voted for that bucolic old editor!

A VISIT TO THE DAKOTA INDIANS.

The Hon. William Welsh and other members of the Indian Commission left St. Paul on Monday, the 26th of May, for an extended trip among the Indians of Dakota and Montana, adjacent to the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The Commissioners have received a letter from the officers of that road, in which they use the following language: "Whatever the Company can do it will do to aid the General Government and the various co-operating societies in the humane and sensible work of civilizing and elevating the Indian tribes of the Northwest, protecting them from fraud and abuse, and giving them both opportunity and inducement to adopt habits of industry and fixed abodes.

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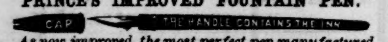
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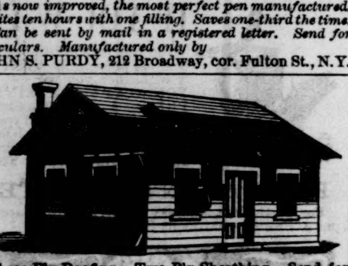

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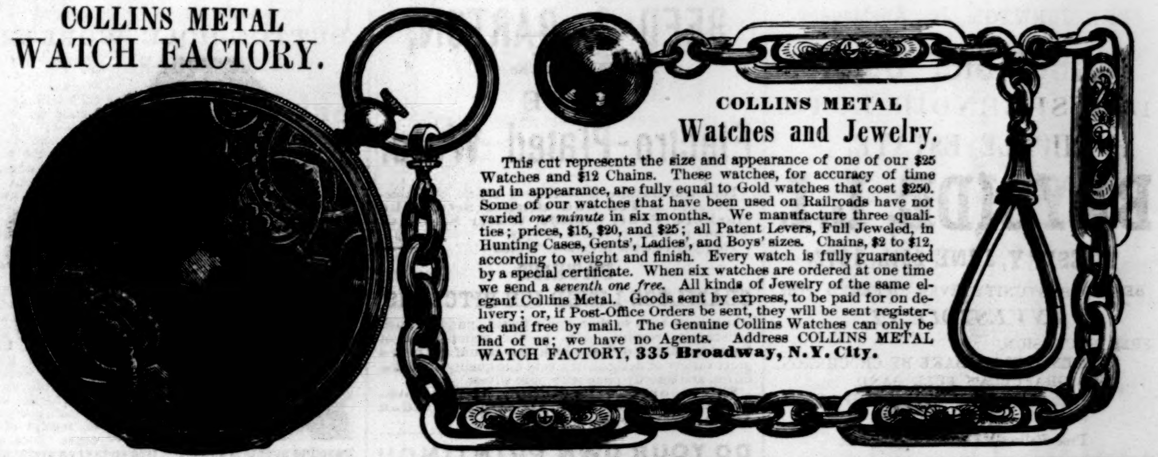

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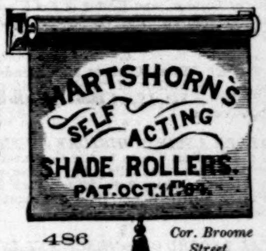

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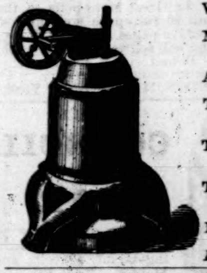

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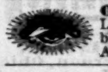

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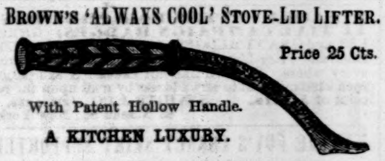

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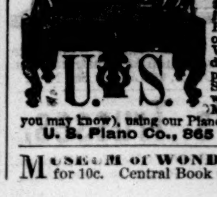

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